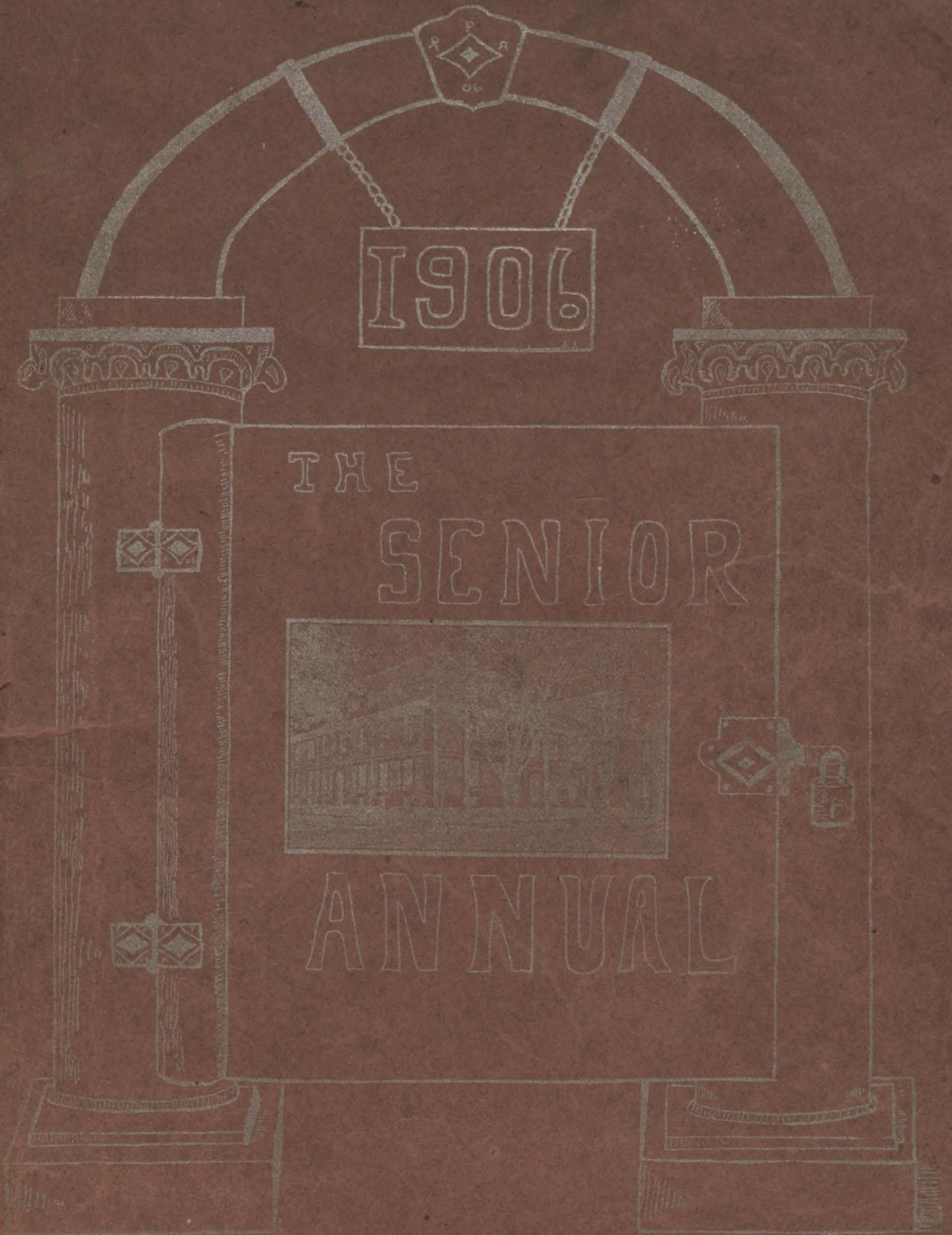
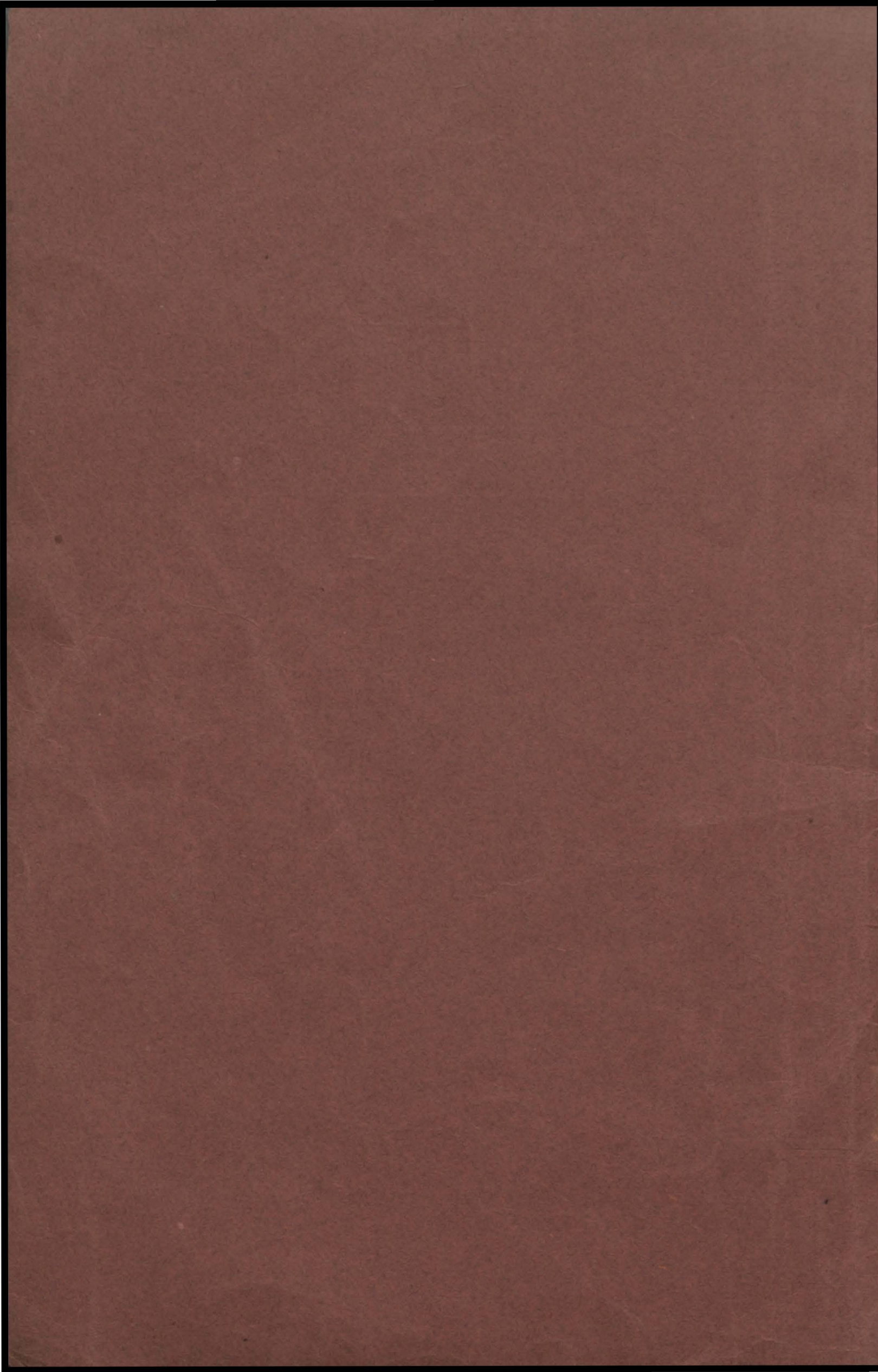
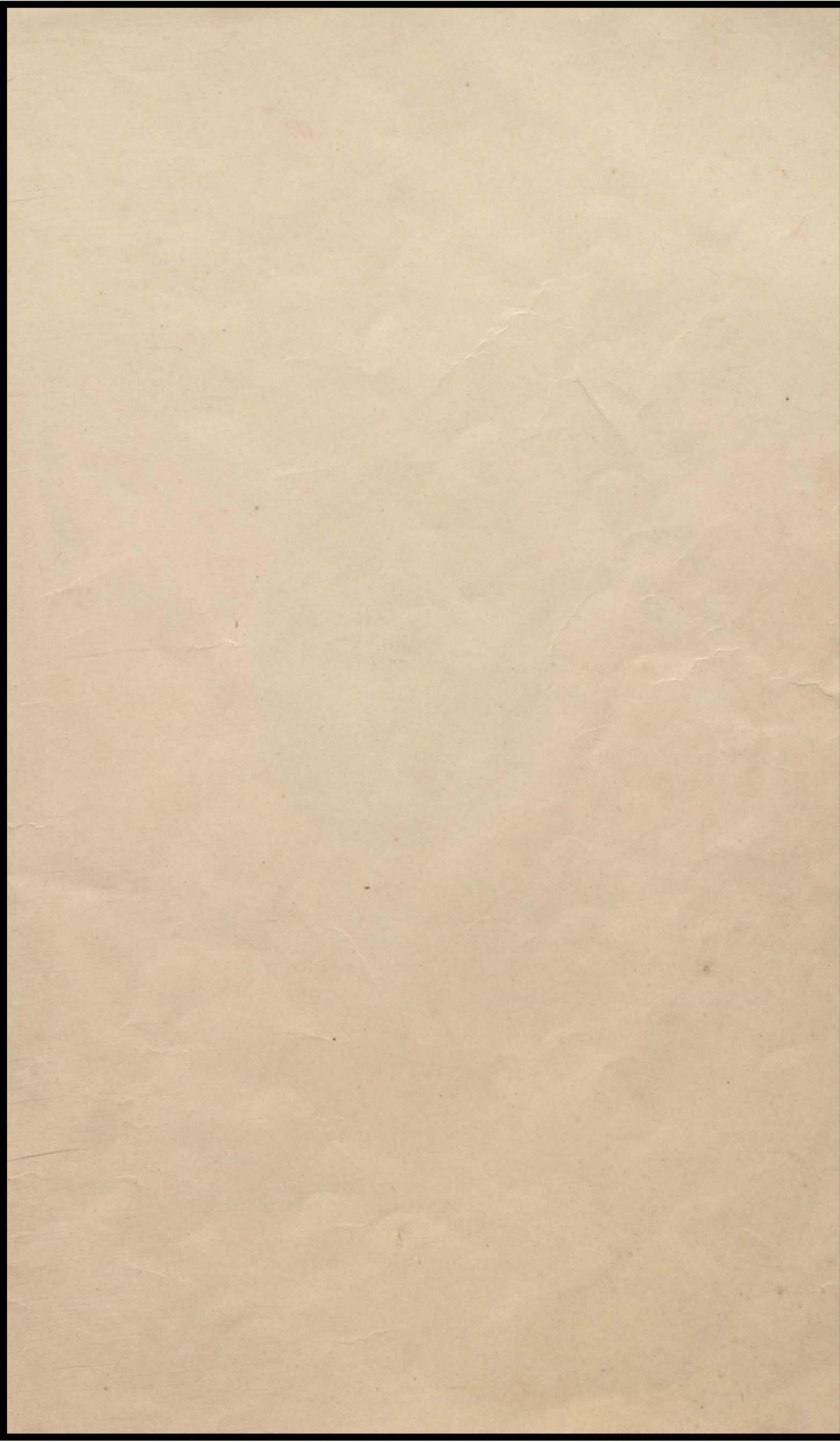
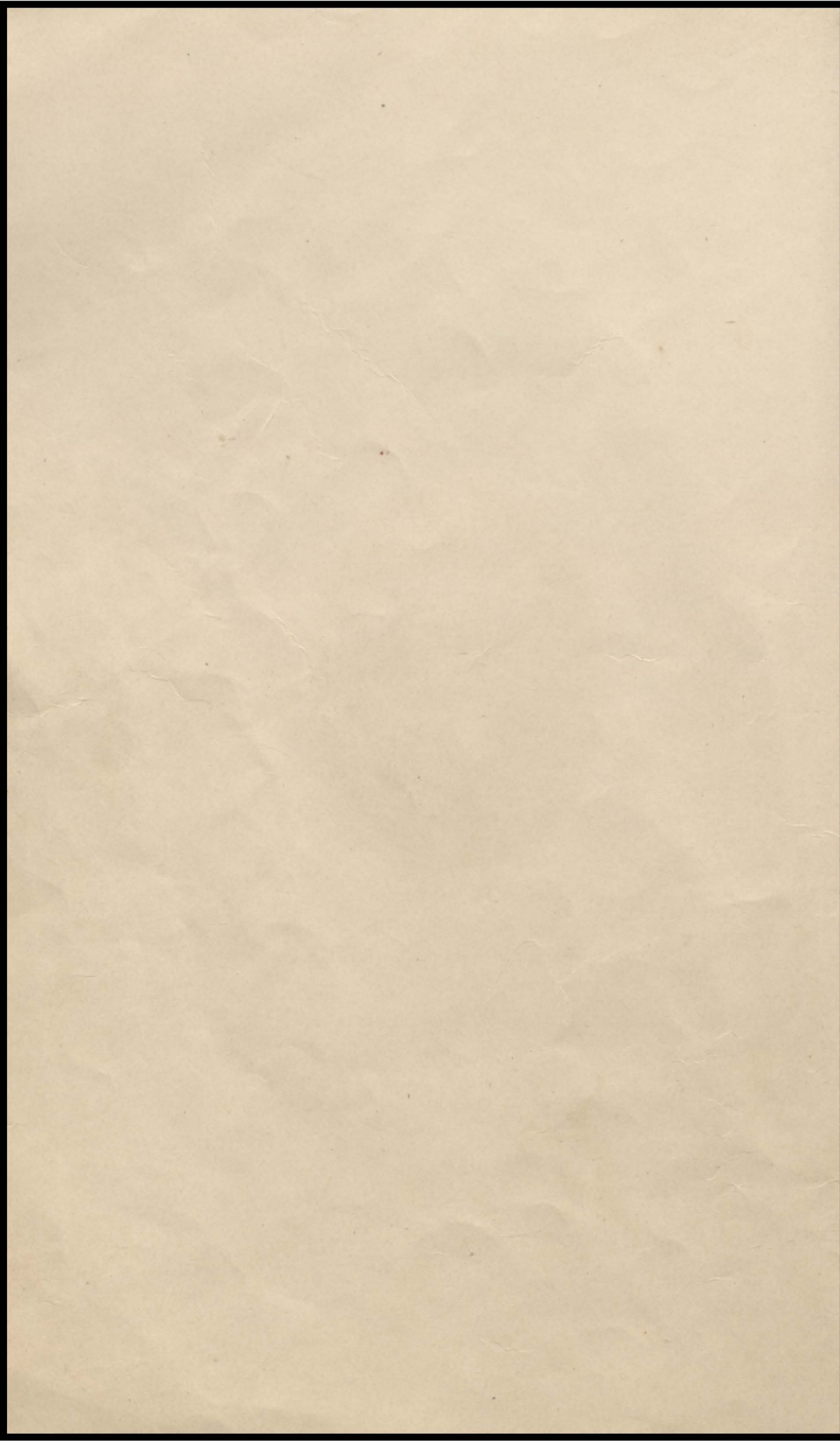


Francis D. McCune

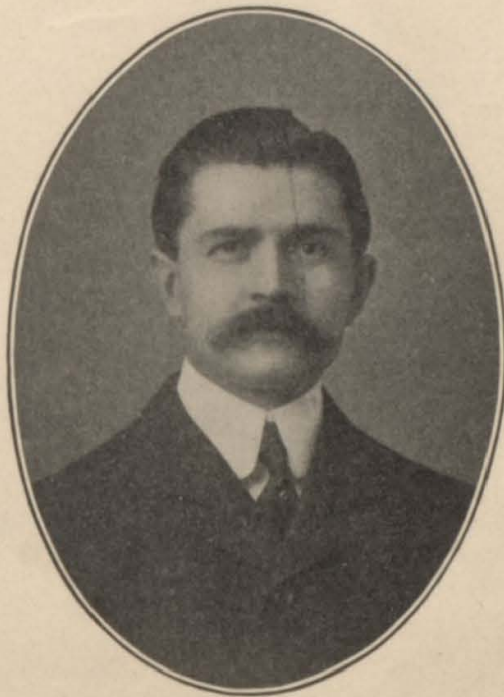








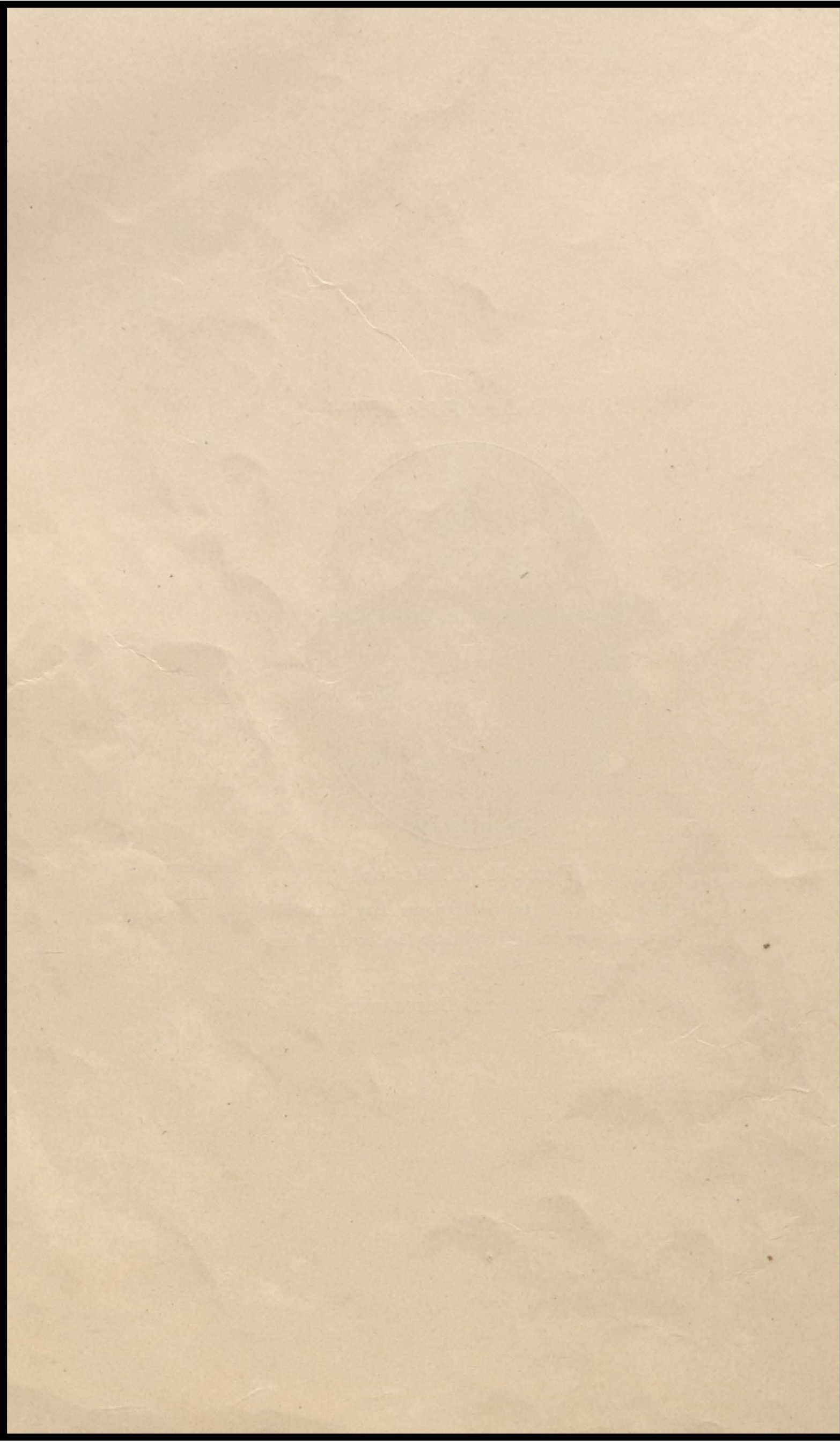
To Our Kind and Faithful Principal.



PROF. H. W. HARRIS

*who for four pleasant years has been not
only a cheerful, affectionate teacher, but also
a personal friend to us.*

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.



S. H. BEACH.
President of the Board of Education.

LEWIS N. CRANE,
Superintendent of Schools.

FACULTY.

H. W. HARRIS,
Principal.

MISS HARRIET C. CREBLE,
French and German.

DANIEL R. CAMPBELL,
Science.

MISS FLORENCE C. SEELY,
English and History.

MISS MABEL J. ANDREWS,
Mathematics.

MISS HELEN E. THALMAN,
Latin and English.

MISS JANE S. HIGHAM,
Latin and Greek.

MISS JEAN V. KIRTLAND,
Elocution and Physical Culture.

MARY E. BURDICK
History.



DEDICATION VERSES.

Within this book we hope you'll find
Nought to incite emotions unkind,
A single pang of heartfelt grief,
Or slightest sorrow, e'er so brief;

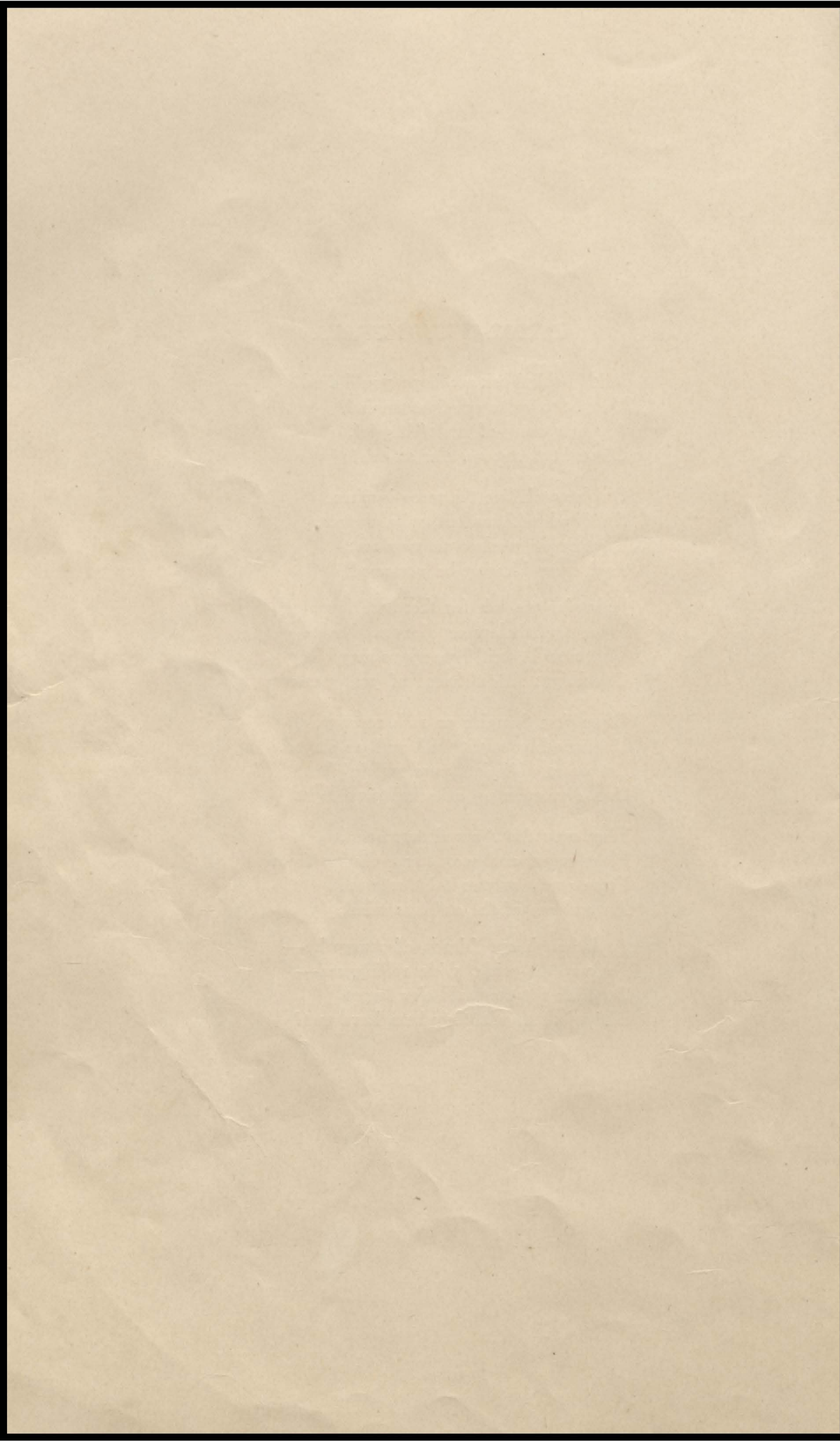
But let each line the muse inspires
Be filled with ardent, wise desires,
That every good on us may rest,
And every blessing be possessed,

Whate'er we ask for those we love,
From earth below or Heaven above.
That nought writ' here by us may blast
One bright remembrance of your past;

Or raging thoughts or rash revenge,
Be caused by aught we here have singed.
Let warm affection, pure and bright,
Cast o'er each page its hallowed light.

Thus may this Annual ever be
From sneer, and scorn, and passion free;
From every grosser taint refined,
An emblem of the stainless mind;

And though our friends afar may be—
Beyond the wide, wide rolling sea—
O, think not they will e'er forget
The wisdom, wit, they here have met!



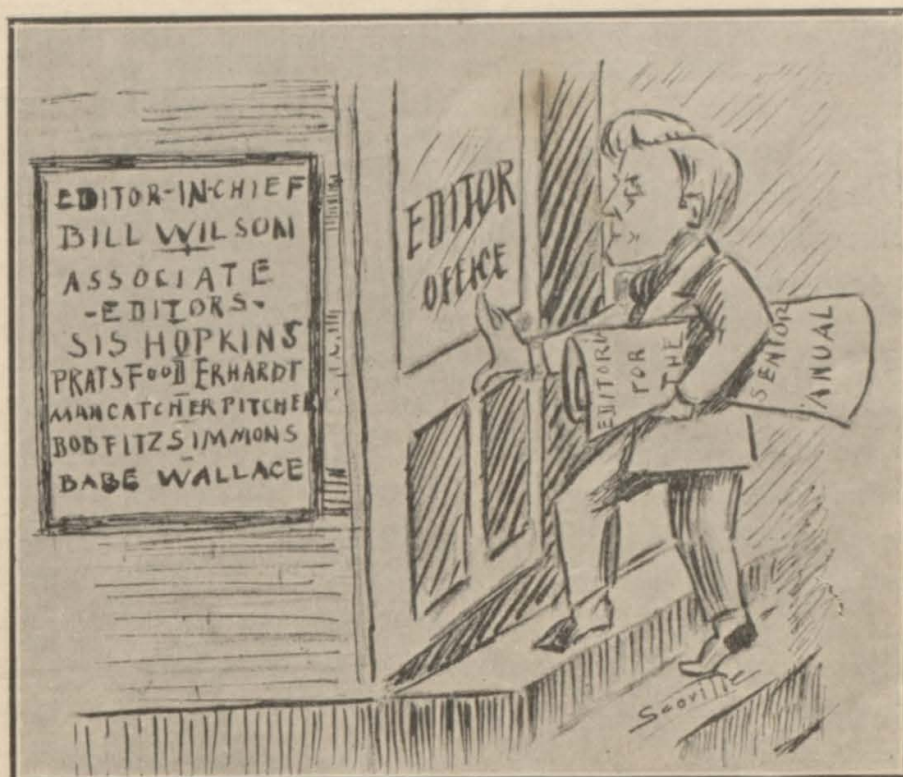
The Senior Annual

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS.

ROME, N. Y.

CLASS DAY.

JUNE 19, 1905.



EDITORIALS.

It was with a full knowledge of our limited abilities that we undertook to publish this Annual, but we have done our best and no man can do more. Whether we have succeeded in producing a better and cleaner Annual you must decide. Let us kindly suggest that the future Annuals be kept free from all tobacco and saloon ads, for these but decrease the value of any book and lower the prestige of the school.

To all those kind friends who have aided us in bringing forth this volume, we wish to extend our heartiest thanks. To the generous and public-spirited business men of Rome, we also owe our sincere gratitude. They have contributed liberally by responding to our call for ads, and so we wish you to carefully peruse the ads, among which you will find several interesting school matters grouped under the title "In Memoriam."

This is the fifth Annual published through the efforts of the Senior Class and we believe it is the best. Much hard labor has been spent upon it to make it the greatest among all its contemporaries; and for neatness, logical arrangement, and originality it will have no competition. This Annual is published with good will to all and malice to none; so if perchance you may herein be used for the laughter of the rest, consider yourself honored by being mentioned by us.

Ye who criticise us take thought ere you speak and remember that we claim nothing but superiority. We have done our part by excelling all previous efforts and by setting a standard for which all future classes should strive.

And now, 1907, get busy and strain all your powers to forward the good Annual movement and seek to publish one that shall add prestige to your class and to your school.

R. F. A. KALENDAR.

1905—1906.

Sept. 5: The vast throng of school duties summon us to work. All willing to begin but Oliver.

Sept. 7: Great commotion among the teachers because Minnie Smith is anxious to get to studying.

Sept. 8: Great waste of water. The Board of Education discuss the advisability of prosecuting the guilty Seniors for washing some of the green paint off the freshmen.

Sept. 13: Unlucky date. Rowland's hair turned sandy. Denio was seen to study. Barnard began to think of Jessie Roberts.

Sept. 19: Sad day. George Barnard and Will Hughes collided head-on in a room full of loose paper. A great fire resulted. Barnard & Hughes escaped with their lives.

Sept. 29: Surprise party on the teachers; Bacon and Denio had their lessons. Teachers became hysterical.

Oct. 1: Some one said they saw Wallace go to church. Another claimed he saw Irene go to the same church—with Charles Her(r)man.

Oct. 6: Rhetoricals. Great crowd—of benches.

Oct. 16: Backus came to school with Marjorie Bailey. At school he picked up an acquaintance with Miss G———

Oct. 19: Dr. Pendill went to prayer meeting.

Oct. 20: Dr. is very sick today.

Oct. 23: Ethel Marsh extends to the Senior class the privilege of using her barn for a refuge on Hallowe'en. Seniors appoint committees to prepare for war.

Oct. 26: This day was spent by Joe Wallace in getting measurements for a new hat. He also ordered the barber to sleep well tonight, stating as a reason that he (Wallace) wanted a hair cut the next day. Mr. Wagner said he would take the sound advice.

Oct. 27: Fox became "Foxy."

Oct. 31: Great disaster. Thousands killed. Worst in history of R. F. A. The cause was the Senior Hallowe'en party.

Nov. 1: Oliver regains his self-control after being seized twice by a "cop" during last evening's merriment.

Nov. 6: Wash day. Emily Dersey and Carrie Pitcher unable to come to school.

Nov. 10: Fish day. Mr. Campbell tells a large number of his fish stories. Joy in R. F. A. over the occasion.

Nov. 14: Ernestine Peake's mouth organ is running very smoothly. Lots of motion. 3,000 pounds of steam on.

Nov. 17: Wagner, the barber, seriously burned while cutting Bill Hughes's hair. Cause of it was instantaneous combustion.

Nov. 21: "Cupid" Wallace and Irene Kaufman get acquainted—better.

Nov. 28: Dan. Schilling gets "Dimples." They are quite becoming.

Dec. 1: Several Seniors absent. Yesterday was Thanksgiving day.

Dec. 6: Rained today. Lake got wet and slippery also.

Dec. 13: Another unlucky day. Ruth Ellis meets Fitzsimmons and the latter's affections begin to waver.

Dec. 15: Constance Lake got up before breakfast—the next day.

Dec. 22: Rhetoricals. Vast throng attended—the World's Fair.

Dec. 25-Jan. 2: Vacation. Ruth Hopkins announces, through her actions, that she will be Valedictorian.

Jan. 16: Harold Cornish and Florence Waldo become intimate. Probably a sure go.

Jan. 22: "Sid" has his hair combed today. Great improvement.

Jan. 25: "Spider" Lake looks sick today. Yesterday "Doc" Pendill stole Lake's girl.

Jan. 30: Jessie Roberts met with a sad accident today. She stumbled over a

leather man (Barnard) and fears are entertained for her recovery. Let us all pray for her.

Jan. 33: This date couldn't be found—neither can Carrie Pitcher's heart. A theory has been advanced that it is preserved by a coming M. D. for the future.

Feb. 2: Dan. Schilling has now lived for a month on diphtheria germs. He ought to stop eating them or they are likely to eat him.

Feb. 7: Grimm catches a cold. As the rest of his carcass was occupied, the cold occupied the upper story. Lots of room for more colds.

Feb. 21: Irene Erhardt applies for a permanent position at Denio's shoe store. The son is willing but his father says No!

Feb. 26: June Orton caught cold after using the razor. Mr. Campbell donated the razor (raiser.) It's a great grower.

March 8: Brainerd's camera was broken today. Tom Bright was in front of it. No wonder.

March 20: Jane Higham went to the doctor's for nerve pills. Don't think she needs any. Do you?

March 30: Slingerland prize fight. Ed. Gawkins knocked Shilling out in the 5th round.

March 31: Prof. Campbell and the Chemistry Class go to the Franklin Furnace. Carrie Pitcher, Florence Waldo and Emily Dersey get up too early and consequently have to run a block to catch the train. Harold Cornish got lost on Dominick street. He had two pounds of coffee under his arm. When you find him return him to his mama.

March 31: In the "Bus" we rode in and under Mr. Campbell's seat we found a joke. Ask Prof. about it.

April 9: Full moon. Owens and Dewey staid up all night.

April 19: Noble, the missing link, returns. Everybody in black.

April 24: Abbie Fowler had her hair done up outside of school. Several teachers fainted, thinking the world had come to an end.

April 30: Flint is a howling success in courting. And somebody is "working" him. He's easy.

May first: Wilson next.

May 7: "Dimples" and Helen Sturdevant call on Dan. Which will it be? Think hard Dan.

May 9: Dan. says he will jolly both awhile and then take neither.

May 18: Jay Bronson back in school. We thought we got rid of him once.

May 25: "Dot" Ethridge was seen to close her mouth once today.

May 31: Chapman and "Dimples" think they like each other pretty well, but mother objects. Good bye Frank.

June 1: Jim Beasley finds a girl! Patience is a virtue.

June 4: Seniors get busy for class day and last day. Nearly time.

June 7: Wallace got up late today. The poor fellow is worn out. For three weeks every night, or most of it, has been passed up north. Wallace says, "I'm going up north (Kaufman's farm) to see my brother-in-law." Good luck, Joe.

June 8: Busy day. Everybody doing nothing.

June 8: Seniors carry out fine exercises in spite of the raging elements. Prof. Campbell wants his money.

The Seniors being brighter than the daylight, Brainerd found it necessary to use flash powder in addition to the natural light in order to get a picture of the Seniors.

June 11-15: Regents' examinations.

June 19: The Seniors have the greatest original Class Day Exercises ever held.

June 19: Thus endeth the Kalendar.

SENIOR CLASS.

Florence E. Bird, Elsie M. Coolihan, Edna Conley, Emily M. Dersey, fourth academic honor, D. A. R. essay '05; Ruth M. Ellis, second academic honor, D. A. R. essay '06; Irene E. Erhardt, boys' prophecy, associate editor Senior Annual; E. Elizabeth Evans, Emily J. Hicks, sixth academic honor, essay honor; Jane S. Higham, vice president; Ruth Hopkins, valedictorian, associate editor Senior Annual; E. Ernestine Jacobus, basket ball '03; M. Irene Kaufman, secretary; Winifred Lillibridge, S. Eona Owens, Carrie L. Pitcher, third academic honor, associate editor; Edith Poole, Jessie E. Roberts, Jennie Roach, E. Minnie Smith, Minnie B. Snyder, Florence Sweeney, Ella E. White.

J. Edgar Fitzsimmons, girls' prophecy, associate editor on Senior Annual staff, base ball '06; Grover C. Flint, base ball '04, '05, '06; Clarence Fox, manager of and player on '05 foot ball team; Joseph Gardner, Harry Gerwig, Arthur J. Hitchcock, William Hughes, Stuart N. Lake, manager base ball team '06, class poet; Daniel Schilling, president, winner second prize Slingerland prize speaking contest; Louis Simon, treasurer; Joseph J. Wallace, class historian, associate editor on Senior Annual staff, winner D. A. R. oration prize '06, foot ball '04, '05, track team '05; J. William Wilson, chief editor of Senior Annual, fifth academic honor with oratorical honor, base ball '06; Louis Ziemann.

FRIENDS, FACULTY

AND STUDENTS:

I want some one to hold my hand.—Eth-l M-tth-ws.

Reserve a place for me above(?) or below(!)—“Bill” Ol-ver.

I have the first two rooms in my upper story to rent. Very light, large and airy. Would make a good storehouse for old tacks, feathers, sawdust, etc.—L-sl-e B-r-n-rd.

How would I look flirting—R-th H-p-k-ns.

How can I sit quiet two minutes?—Gwen-lyn Ed-a-ds.

Why did H-dg-s go home at 10 p. m. on the night of the Junior reception, change his

“Sid” would like to know how to decide between Syracuse and Yale.

Who telephoned Irene Kaufman about Class Day matters?

Where do Hughes and Stevens get their hair coloring? Pretty ain't it?

Will Grogan ever get “busy?”

Deliver us from Love!

Ch-pm-n, W. Br-ns-n, B-rn-rd, Ol-v-r.

I want a cure for “Dimples.”—Dan Sch-ll-ng.

Is Die Teufeln (devils) the plural of Der Lowe (Lion)?—Joe G-rd-er.

Will P-nd-ll ever graduate?

Is it true that ten years hence the commencement speakers will be in baby carriages?

We want our “flunked” subjects!

—Leftovers of 1906.



SENIOR HISTORY.

Shakspeare says, "Golden minds stoop not to shows of dross." Our class of 1906 may still possess golden minds, yet search and show the records of our past actions and achievements, for in those records there is no dross. Altho we may dislike to utter our own praises, yet we feel that such utterance is permissible as long as we are confident that we merit praise.

In 1902, this honored class left the fatherly care of the Court Street principal and went to regions, then to them unknown, one floor higher. Among our members might have been seen faces which latterly have become modest and docile, then bold and self-reliant. Among these faces were the blooming countenances of Dudley and Merwin Rowland, and Doctor Pendill, who even at that time was experimenting on spiders and rats, altho he carried no medicine case nor cut from the pedal extremi-

ties of dogs. William Wilson was also conspicuous; but during the last four years he has been relegated to a place of lesser importance because his mother and teachers have been obliged to treat him carefully for fear that "much learning might drive him mad." One member has in particular been badly used by the force of circumstances which have surrounded him, so much so that during the last year, he, at one time draped his seat in mourning and at another climbed a telephone pole for his bicycle. It is unnecessary to name this honorable member except to state that he was for three years president of our class and that dreams of Yale glory prevented him from graduating with us.

We have in our midst a certain group of young ladies, who have greatly worried us of late because of their flirting propensities. The young lady who has the second academic honor is a member of this group. On the other hand, we have a few young ladies of whom we are justly proud. Fore-

most among these is Ruth Hopkins, our valedictorian and the holder of the third honor academic diploma to be awarded to a member of this school. But now the class must be treated as a whole, for if we should attempt to record the worthy deeds of the individual members of the class, the world could not contain the books that they would fill.

Altho this class has not been noted for its athletic talent, it has more than supplied the deficiency by scholarly genius. Our standings are of the highest and may well be recorded in the annals of High School History. We have budding orators in our midst and some that have passed the budding stage under the beneficent influence of Miss Kirtland's enlightening training.

We have passed the whole of our period under the guiding influences of Mr. Harris, Miss Thalman and Miss Higham. It has been found necessary in the other department-attainments of our own powerful minds.

ments to change the instructors somewhat so as to keep pace with the advanced scholarly

Our class meetings have on the whole been quite peaceable and for fear of being deemed personal, we shall mention only one solemn occurrence, and that is the picture brought to our minds of Joe Gardner rising and addressing the chair (Miss Higham) as Mr. Vice President.

The winners of the highest Slingerland contest prizes were from our class, Edward Gawkins and Daniel Schilling. Mr. Gawkins did great credit to himself at an interscholastic contest in Syracuse.

Our social affairs have been a decided success. Our Hallowe'en Party particularly so. The fellows who as *usual* came to break it up, had an *unusual* drubbing put upon them. In the middle of the year our class yielded to compelling circumstances and substituted, in the place of the old-time sleigh ride, a reception which proved a great success.

One thing in particular we have neglected to state, and that is, that in 1905, we gave the Seniors a reception thus inaugurating a custom which has since been well imitated by '07.

In closing, we would like to request '07 to continue following in our footsteps, as a sure means of attaining a goal of safety. All honor to the dear school which has honored us for four pleasant years, our beloved Alma Mater.

"SIR GALAHAD"

by

George Frederick Watts.

The romance of King Arthur and his Round Table has been dear to the hearts of the English speaking people for nearly one thousand years. Begun in the vague, unconnected legends sung or told by the minstrels of Wales and Cornwall, and by their kinsmen across the channel, this epic, always growing in popularity and sweeping into its current other traditions and personages, has formed at length from the spoils of several literatures, a composite English possession which has been a great treasure house for all poets and artists down to our own time.

Long, long ago, King Arthur, the half-mythical hero, about whom this Cycle of Romance clings, formed a new order of knighthood, called that of the Table Round, and his knights swore to uphold the faith of Christ, right all wrongs of men, and above all live pure, chaste lives. All the knights kept their vows for a time; and the heathen were subdued and the land was at peace.

Then sin crept into King Arthur's court, and Sir Galahad the Spotless, youngest and purest of all the knights, with a few others of the order, vowed himself to the Quest of the Holy Grail, in the hope that, if the Sacred Vessel were brought back among

men, their hearts might once more become clean. The Holy Grail, brought ages before to Glastonbury by Joseph of Arimathea, was the cup used by Christ at the last supper, and had long been absent from mortal vision, for only the pure in heart could see it.

So the knights set out, upon their several ways, filled with so eager a longing to see the beautiful vision that they heeded not even the prophetic warning of their beloved King, who said, "Ah, Galahad, for such as thou art is the vision, not for these." And indeed the others pursued wandering fires over the face of the whole earth for many years, and some were lost in quagmires so that they never returned; but Galahad found the Grail and was immediately caught up to Heaven with the Holy Cup—which shall never again be seen by earthly eyes.

The establishment, the greatness, and the downfall of this impracticably ideal kingdom of King Arthur's, the adventures of Sir Galahad and the knights who vowed themselves to the search of the Holy Grail, form a group of chivalric legends, unified by a thread of connecting meaning.

Among the great poets and artists, who, attracted perhaps by some subtle underlying strain of wonderful beauty, have turned to these old legends for material for their art, is George Frederick Watts, who has given the world a beautiful Sir Galahad—the most perfect picture of the pure young knight ever painted.

George Frederick Watts, during his long life England's greatest artist, was born in London in 1817, and died, an old man, at his English home, in 1904. His artistic training was perhaps fragmentary, and, indeed, it was not his technic, but his wonderful imagination which made Ruskin declare Watts to be the one painter of thought in England.

Watts entered the schools of the Royal Academy when little more than a boy, and afterward went to Italy, spending many years there in the absorbing study of the old masters. His first notable picture was a prize cartoon of Caractacus, painted for the decoration of the House of Parliament; and following in quick succession he produced a wonderful series of pictures which made his name famous and his high position in English art secure.

As a youth Watts dreamed of building a shining Temple of Life with vast corridors and stately chambers; its walls covered with frescoes depicting in epic the eternal mysteries of life and death. Although this impracticably ideal ambition was never accomplished, Watts always remained a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions. An undaunted idealist, he belonged to no particular school of art; but, always broadly human, struggled effectually against the mediocrity into which English painting seemed at one time inevitably sinking. Not openly rebellious to the modern movement of art like the gallant young Pre-Raphaelites, Watts tried to revive the grand manner of the old masters and to preserve the dignity of art by a recourse to didacticism. The result was such that even those modern artists and critics, who impartially condemn all painters whose work is not entirely art for art's sake, have had to acknowledge George Frederick Watts to have been a great and original artist.

Outside of portraiture, in which he had few rivals, Watts generally chose classical or allegorical subjects for painting, rising often to grandeur in conception, and always, even in his weakest pictures, instilling something of "the glory and the dream."

Sir Galahad, one of Watts's principal subject pieces, was painted in 1862, and has, together with twenty-five of his other most celebrated pictures, been given by the artist to the National Gallery of British Art.

It is a charming picture, far more cheerful, both in color and in general conception, than is usual even in Watts's best work.

The Spotless Knight, clad in his silver armor, leaning idly and motionlessly against his snow-white charger, surrounded by soft foliage, stands with his pure, wistful, young profile uplifted. A half mystical light seems glowing down upon his face, upon his shining armor and upon the tangle of leaves at his spurred feet. He stands dreamily before us, a true, perfect, young Galahad, ready to go forth to conquer the world in the strength of his youth.

Technically, the picture is remarkably good. For Watts, although his performances were always very uneven, often excellent, sometimes poor, and although he has been by some artists mercilessly criticised as a poor technician, was as a rule neither a slovenly nor an incompetent painter; on the contrary, he has done work that holds with the best produced in the nineteenth century.

His Galahad is especially noticeable for its very rich key of color, and its painting of the armor and the woody background. The face, too, of the knight, as he stands bare-headed, gazing before him at the vision "none else might see," expresses all the purity and enthusiasm of the Spotless Knight. Looking at the picture, one unconsciously recalls those words spoken to Galahad, starting out upon his quest, by Tennyson's sweet young nun, into whose cell the vision of the Holy Grail had shone in all its wondrous loveliness:

"Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,

And break through all, till one will crown thee king,

Far in the splendid city."

Indeed there lingers in the pure wistful face of the Galahad so divine a beauty, that his might well be the haloed head of some young saint; already has the knight seen the Holy Grail, and heard the cry, "O, Gala-

had and O Galahad, follow me;" his is the rapt, purely impassioned face of one, who, having heard the call, has followed on until he has at last seen the vision face to face.

Watts was always an idealist, a man of noble dreams, who would have those dreams reality; a thinker, who would have men think for themselves. He has said of his own pictures, that, "they must be considered as symbols, intended to suggest in the language of art, modern thought in things ethical and spiritual." Furthermore, it has been generally conceded that the great power of Watts's pictures, the reason for their grasp upon the multitude, lies in the meaning they possess; a meaning which is, perhaps, sometimes more suitable for expression in literature than in art, but which is, still, always poetic, ennobling and lofty.

At first sight Watts's picture of Sir Galahad may seem simply a portrait, a figure of a young knight, clad in silver armor, his sweet youthful profile upturned. But surely the artist who instilled into so simple a picture as this, such a subtle, mysterious but certain beauty, could not have failed to intend a deeper, more spiritual meaning. And in the Galahad even we, so often "blind unto holy things," recognize the face of one, who unearthly pure, has attained to the noblest, the best in life. For what, after all, is the vision of the Holy Grail but a symbol of true, high Good.

But, although this knight, Galahad, was successful in his quest, saw the vision face to face, what of his comrades, who, also, longed to find the Holy Cup, who, also, left the duty on hand, but who were lost in quagmires and never returned? "For man can not bring Heaven down to earth; he can not sanctify by his own rapturous anticipations the mass of men." There must always be those who, by men's standard, fail; who, imperfect, struggle in vain and only look upon the Holy Grail veiled. Tennyson says: "Man is but as the hind,

To whom a space of land is given to plough,
Who may not wander from the allotted
field,
Before his work is done."

Yet, surely, there may sometimes be one like Galahad, different from those baser ones who scarcely know what they go out into the wilderness to see; one, who filled with the glory of the vision, can say, "I have seen the Holy Grail;" one by whose side, both day and night, will move the beautiful vision.

Pauline Clarke.



Here he is himself, marred, as you see

ONE LESS.

The fifteenth of March brought dark shadows for the students of the Rome Free Academy. Miss Gowing, who is held in tender, loving remembrance by all of us, was with us that day for the last time as a teacher. Of course the Seniors took steps to fittingly observe the sad departing. A few of them purchased some heavy crepe with which they proceeded to decorate the abode of the Rt. Hon. Sidney K. Backus. On this sad mourning was placed a wreath of holly. A number of the Seniors then posted themselves in the hall to intercept the Honorable when he should appear.

At exactly 1:05 p. m. he appeared bearing the marks of grief upon his unusually grave face. Soon afterward came the Rt. Honorable's porter, Howard MacFarland, bearing a dress suit case. Curiosity was evinced by all the onlookers and these obstructed the path of Mr. Backus, who therefore was unable to enter the Study Hall until 1:15 p. m.

Of course he was applauded, as he deserved, for when before has a student been so highly honored? But how his spirits fell when he faced his casket (the desk draped in black.)

Promptly at 3:30 the cry "Miss Gowing," "Miss Gowing," was echoed and re-echoed through the Study Hall; but alas! all in vain. That much-called-for lady appeared for an instant and then disappeared. This was an awkward turn of affairs for the Seniors, but they retained their reputation and somewhat added to their reputation.

After Mr. Harris had made a few fitting remarks one of the Seniors arose and spoke as follows:

Mr. Harris: This is a sad, a very sad occasion. Sadness has crept into my heart and tears fill my eyes. (Slight laughter.) We have met here—because we could not meet elsewhere. (Laughter.) Oh Romans! "If ye have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now." When we think of what has been and remember what is to come, grief has been our only consoler.

Look with tender pity on my esteemed friend (pointing out "Sid" Backus) who is now in deepest mourning. How sad is his heart this day! (Laughter.) How many beautiful times we have had together. Alas! they are no more. This is a sad day. (Laughter.)

But look again, ye mourners, at my sad friend (pointing to "Sid" Backus.) Behold! I see not only signs of mourning but I

see also signs of victory. Else what meaneth that wreath upon his draped desk?

But grief must triumph over victory and, in the language of the English Room, unitedly we say Go—Went—Go(w)ing—Gone. (Applause.) 'Tis very sad. Alas! we must part but surely not before my honorable and esteemed friend has expressed to us his heartfelt grief. (Applause.) (No response from Mr. Backus.) (Great applause and loud cries of Backus! Backus! Backus!)

PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST.

On the evening of March 30, 1906, was held the third Slingerland prize speaking contest for the prize of \$35, which is provided by the will of Mrs. M. M. Davis. Besides this prize there were two others, one of \$15 and the other of \$10 obtained by charging admission to the contest. Prof. H. W. Harris, principal of the Academy, presided and announced the speakers.

The first speaker of the evening was James William Wilson. His declamation was upon Japan or Russia; Which is the Civilized Power? He contrasted the two nations, both mentally and morally, complimenting the Japanese much more than the Russians.

Miss Jane Stevens Higham rendered a beautiful description of the Famine as found in Hiawatha, by Henry W. Longfellow. She gave it in a very pleasing manner.

Then came a recitation entitled Cherokee Roses, given by Miss Anita Lillibridge. The selection was well portrayed and the applause was very hearty.

Henry Daniel Schilling described the American Soldier, whose motto is ever, "For freedom, for freedom, for liberty our cry,

On, on to the battle brave and strong to win or die!"

Edward Thomas Gawkins declaimed "The Republic That Never Retreats" in a very convincing manner. He said that it is impossible for our republic to retreat as it is the highest form of civilization and therefore must advance, not recede.

Miss Abbie M. Fowler told "How the Church was Built at Keahoe's Bar." Her subject was a character sketch and most entertaining.

The last number on the program was a declamation by John Edgar Fitzsimmons, called "One Niche the Highest." It was a very telling selection and he rendered it well.

The judges of award were Prof. E. C. Morris of Syracuse University, Mr. Avery M. Skinner of Oneida and Mr. Eugene W. Lytle of the State Education Department. When the program was finished, they retired to consider the merits of the speakers. Upon their return the first prize was awarded to Edward Thomas Gawkins, the second to Henry Daniel Schilling, and the third to Miss Abbie M. Fowler. The awards met with hearty applause.





"Cupid" Wallace and his mixture of dog and Germany in Miss Creeble's room. This picture is taken from life. Ask Wallace how it happened.

D. A. R. ORATION.

The Shot Heard Round the World.

Truly has it been said that it takes centuries for the growth of great constitutional principles, yet important constitutional changes are instilled in the minds of mankind by the events of single days. How plainly the happenings of the year seventeen hundred and seventy-five are registered in our thoughts, although we are removed four generations from those who participated in its struggles. One hundred and thirty-one years have intervened since that little company of minute men stood upon the village green at Lexington, and, face to face with their oppressors, inaugurated the great struggle which

has brought about such beneficial results for all humanity.

Let us go back of this and see for what reasons those men were gathered there. Let us study into the causes which brought on the conflict which followed, and forever decided that America should be the home of a free people and that a strong, arbitrary government could not impose upon her seemingly weak colonies. Let us see what made the brave husbandmen so willing to lay down their lives before those British troops, when they knew that in that skirmish they must necessarily be beaten.

It was because great principles were at stake that they so bravely stood their ground when ordered to lay down their arms. Years

before, England had passed laws restricting American trade by the Navigation Acts and otherwise, so as to compel the colonies to trade wholly with her. By forcing them to ship goods only in English vessels, she desired to coerce them into dealing with her alone, so British shippers and merchants would reap all the profits.

Then the colonies had, during the French and Indian War, suffered great losses in money and men. They had maintained their own troops and those were greatly superior to the British regulars. They had suffered untold misery by having their homes devastated by the savage tomahawk and torch, and to resist this they had risen in all the vigor of their youthful strength and by so doing they had become acquainted with their own power.

England although she had in this war lost many men and had spent a large sum of money, had humiliated her old enemy France as she had never been able to do before. She had not suffered the local misery and privations owing to her remoteness from the seat of conflict. Yet she thought that the colonies should bear a part of her indebtedness and did not give them due credit for the glorious part they had taken in the war by donating men and money to the crown, or for their real value in a commercial sense to their mother country.

This tax she desired to levy as she pleased without giving the colonies any voice in the matter. This raised the cry of, "no taxation without representation," and still later Patrick Henry's sentiments of, "give me liberty or give me death."

The settlement of these colonies had much to do with the determined resistance which they showed the crown. New England was settled by Puritans, fleeing from Episcopalian oppression; New York by the sturdy, liberty-loving Hollanders tied in no way to British rule; Pennsylvania by Quakers, a simple, peaceful, yet firm people; Maryland by

Catholics, fleeing from unjust laws; Virginia greatly augmented in numbers by Cavaliers, exiled from England during the days of the commonwealth; Georgia by debtors, rescued from unjust imprisonment. These elements, combined, had in the succeeding generations formed a homogeneous mass of liberty-loving people, peaceful, yet not to be trod upon, loyal, yet not blind.

The Tory ministers of England apparently could not grasp the true situation. They seemed to think that the appearance of armed force would awe the colonists and force them into submission, thus effectually quelling all disturbances. But, no! the Americans were not thus to be silenced. Too long had they been left time to study the principles of civic right and wrong and to cherish a natural desire for liberty. They had conquered the savages, cleared the forests, and transformed what less than two centuries before was a howling wilderness into farms and gardens, villages and cities.

The colonists had legislative bodies, composed mostly of popular representatives, which were perfectly competent to handle all legislation needed by the colonies. The light of after events plainly showed that it would have been a wise step for England to have recognized these bodies as legal, law making assemblies and granted them full sway in the exercise of their legislative functions. This she would not in most cases do, and consequently she alienated the more influential colonists by this overt act of injustice, this enmity towards establishing those principles of popular government for which she herself had suffered so much to attain.

The actions taken by the government of England were not confirmed by all the people of the home government. Burke, Pitt and Fox with others opposed them as unjust; but the reins of power were in the hands of Tory chieftains, who delighted in measures which tended to strengthen the power of the king, even at the expense of the people,

and the acknowledgement of the king as the supreme head and great authority of the nation, so that it would be a crime even to question his actions.

But the time had come when a tyrannical king was to be taught a lesson on the equality of man, and a vacillating parliament the strong principles of democratic reform.

Let us now come back to the Massachusetts colony and the events which took place there. Boston had refused obedience to parliamentary mandates and therefore Boston was to be punished. Her port was declared closed, no ship being allowed to go either in or out the harbor except on government business. General Gage was sent there with a body of men to awe the Bostonians into submission. He did not understand the colonists and, because of their lack of military training, looked upon them as contemptible opponents. He forgot that they were actuated by patriotic principles, which made them dangerous adversaries.

The arrogance of the redcoats, as the British were called, soon led to ill-feeling between them and the townsmen. This finally resulted in the Boston massacre. As this, of course, only tended to increase the self-confidence of the English soldiery, matters were constantly approaching a climax.

Meantime the minute-men were training and gathering supplies in anticipation of an approaching conflict. Gage learned that numerous stores were gathered at Concord, and determined by sending out a destroying expedition to give the insolvent rebels a lesson. Accordingly he secretly planned an expedition, which was to march, as stealthily as possible, and destroy these stores, but the Americans were not idle and, though the movement was started in the night, lights flashed forth signals and Paul Revere started to awake the surrounding country. The British were compelled to march to the unexpected accompaniment of ringing church-bells calling the minute men to arms.

At last the Redcoats arrived at Lex-

ington. A company of minute men were gathered on the village green. Pitcairn rode forward and cried, "Disperse you rebels. Lay down your arms." But the little company stood their ground. Finally the order to fire was given. When the smoke arose, the bodies of seven Americans lay upon the ground. The first blood of the Revolution had been shed, the first martyrs of that deathly struggle had laid down their lives.

The British troops pushed on to Concord, destroyed some stores, and then turned toward Boston. But all around the people were flying to arms. From behind trees, fences and barns a galling fire was poured upon the retreating English, which threatened to exterminate them. Had it not been for reinforcements they would never have reached Boston, from which they had so boastingly issued but a few hours before.

The patriotism of the Americans was plainly shown on this, the nineteenth day of April, seventeen hundred seventy-five, and a struggle had commenced which has proven a benefit to the whole world. The shot fired at Lexington was echoed and re-echoed from mountain and plain, ocean and inland sea. Autocratic governments heard it and trembled. Liberty-loving, God-fearing people hailed it with delight and down through the years we see its results written in the heavens by the finger of man, and sealed by the finger of God.

Countrymen, we today must listen to its echo, and keep out of our glorious country those corrupting influences which have wrecked so many nations, so that we may render a good account to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords of the trust with which those worthy martyrs intrusted us, and that those democratic principles of government, which were the final result of the struggle, inaugurated by that battle, may be forever established as the bulwark of all good government and an everlasting monument to its instigators.



The real High School Sport. O piteous spectacle!

THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

As one approaches the battlefield of Concord, and sees through an avenue of tall pines, the gleaming statue of the Minute Man, an overpowering feeling comes over one, of the glory of that famous battle. One approaches almost with reverence the ground once stained with the blood of patriots, and the river calmly flowing along, as if it had never beheld such stirring scenes. We look with awe at the stone set in the wall, which marks the grave of the British soldiers. The rugged statue of the Minute Man, with his gun and plow, the eloquent memorial of the battle, calls up enthusiastic bursts of patriotism. And yet—to look at the peace and tranquillity and rural beauty of the scene makes the idea of bloodshed and warfare seem almost impossible. It is only when we examine the true history of the battle that we awake to the realization that there, *there*, it all happened, there our ancestors fought and died

for American freedom. Let us retrace the course of those events a little, to the time when the first shots were fired for American liberty.

For a long time the people around Boston had been collecting arms and ammunition and quietly preparing for the struggle which they felt was sure to come, if the English government persisted in refusing to hear their appeals for justice. In several cases the British soldiers had been called out to stop these preparations, but had withdrawn, without coming into conflict.

Finally, growing desperate, the British officers determined to make a final effort. They secured the information that John Hancock and Samuel Adams were in hiding in Lexington, and that munitions of war were stored at Concord, a few miles farther on. They secretly made arrangements for capturing both the rebel leaders and their stores and thus effectually stopping all movements.

But Paul Revere and a few mechanics who had organized themselves to watch the British, detected their plot, and, giving notice to their chiefs in Boston, they resolved to thwart the plans of the enemy by rousing the whole countryside.

Accordingly, on the night of April 18, 1775, it was agreed that William Dawes and Paul Revere should go by different routes to Lexington and Concord, bearing the news. Dawes went by way of the Neck and through Roxbury. Paul Revere arranged to have lanterns "one if by land, two if by sea," hung in the belfry of the old North Church. It was a beautiful, still, moonlight night, and as he rowed across to Charleston, where he was to secure his horse, he almost forgot, in the charm of the scene, his all-important mission.

He had not long to wait. Soon two gleaming lights appeared, informing him that the British were coming by water to Cambridge. He leaped upon his horse, and

galloped in hot haste through Medford to Lexington, rousing every farmhouse and village as he passed. Arrived at Lexington, he awakened Hancock and Adams, and was soon joined by Dawes and Dr. Samuel Prescott. The three started out together for Concord, but, encountering British officers, Revere and Dawes were captured, while Dr. Prescott succeeded in carrying the alarm to Concord.

The Lexington Minute Men promptly assembled at the summons of the bell in the meeting house belfry, but seeing no signs of the British, soon dispersed. Later, hearing that the enemy were advancing, Captain John Parker again assembled his Minute Men and drew them up in battle array on Lexington common. As they awaited, in the dim light of the early morning, the attack of the Redcoats, Captain Parker gave his famous command: "Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

Major Pitcairn, the British leader, who had marched on with ever-increasing surprise and dismay, at the apparent wakefulness of the countryside, at length reached Lexington green, at about half-past four o'clock, and found sixty or seventy men assembled to greet him. He rode forward with a threatening air and shouted: "Disperse, ye villains. Ye rebels, disperse." No response from the Americans. "Lay down your arms, I say. Why don't you lay down your arms and disperse." Still no reply from the "rebels." At length an excited Minute Man, disregarding Parker's order, raised his gun and discharged it. It was an old-fashioned flint-lock musket and did not go off, but the flint struck the steel, and the powder flashed in the pan. A British soldier, seeing the flash, raised his gun also and fired.

The British spirit was now aroused, and with a shout, they fired a general discharge. Several rebels fell. Another discharge, and

more brave Americans dropped. Then sounded the tramp of more British soldiers, coming to the assistance of their comrades. The Americans fired a few scattering shots and dispersed. They had made their protest, and could do no more. The British, with a ringing cheer, sent a parting shot, and marched on to Concord.

Concord had, as we have said, been warned by Dr. Samuel Prescott, and the Minute Men of Concord and Seton, a near neighbor, had reported for action on the square. They awaited, silent and determined, until the gleam of red coats appeared on the Lexington road, and eight hundred British soldiers advanced at a double quick march. The American commander, Colonel Barrett, withdrew to the slope beyond the river bridge. There they were joined by Minute men from several towns in the vicinity, making about four hundred in all, to face the whole of the British forces.

A part of the British had formed in line of battle on the opposite side of the bridge, but those left in the village were doing their utmost to destroy all they could. The smoke from their little fire led the Americans to believe that they were burning the town. In dismay they asked each other: "Shall we remain idle and let them burn our homes before our very eyes? Let us march to their defense." And so the order "March" was shouted, and they rushed down the hill to the bridge.

When the British saw them coming they began to rip up the bridge planking. The Americans broke into a run. For a moment the opposing forces faced each other in silence, then "Bang! Crack" and several Minute Men fell. Major Buttrick, the leader of the Minute Men, wild with excitement, shouted: "Fire, fellow soldiers! For God's sake fire!" and leading the discharge himself, the first guns were fired in defiance to the king. It was the "shot heard round the world." Again and again the bul-

lets flew. The British turned and ran down Monument street, leaving the victorious farmers in possession of the bridge.

The rebels pursued them hotly in their retreat, until as some of them expressed it, it seemed to fairly rain rebels. From behind every stone wall, fence, bush and tree came missiles, until the retreat became a run and the run a wildly disordered flight. They would whirl about to drive away one band of pursuers, only to be peppered on another side. At length they reached Boston, hot,

dusty, wounded and wrathful, but thoroughly whipped.

Such were the battles of Lexington and Concord, the beginning of the American revolution, and the forerunners of American freedom. Although they were but small skirmishes, in comparison to other great battles of the world's history, the principle of the affair—the spirit of a brave people rising in defense of their rights and liberty, has sent its echoes ringing through the world.

Ruth Ellis.



Senior Class Committee looking for snow

A ONE ACT COMEDY.

Date of action: 2:30 p. m. Tuesday, February 27, 1906.

Scene of action: Rome Free Academy.

Principal actors: Florence Waldo and a fairly decent hard wood chair.

It is a calm, serene day. Softly the mellow sunlight follows O-rd wol dawod rawa low sunlight falls on every man within the circumference of its gentle rays. Those radiant solar beams penetrate even the thick darkness and gloom of the Rome Free Academy. How blessed, yea, celestial, is the beneficent smile that old "Sol" bestows upon the school.

But hark! What jarring noise is that which breaks the monotonous quietude? Ah! it is the bell announcing to the dear children that it is time for the next recitation. Again! Again! that jarring, grating noise. "It has no uncertain sound" (borrowed from one of Mr. Harris's eloquent appeals for order.)

Slowly, and with somewhat of the appearance of dignity, a group of girls (beg your pardon, they are young ladies) wend their way to the science room. Just back of them, and in no wise abashed, are several little fellows who look peaceful enough, but within their frail, tender bodies is lodged

the very incarnation of mischief. That first, innocent looking little one is a Noble fellow. That which walks by his side is a curiosity, for it has been reclaimed from wildness and has become transformed into a practically tame Moose. Just back of him, and with stealthy step, crouches a ferocious, wild-eyed Savage "Tommy."

But enough of this. Let us pass on into the Laboratory. That tall, slender, wiry gentleman, standing in front of the table, is Professor Campbell. Anon he takes from his mysterious cases two bottles covered with quaint and occult signs. That first one, which is almost prophetic in its sage appearance, is filled with a strange, awe-inspiring yellow substance, known to chemists as (S.) That second bottle, which is darkened by meaning symbols, contains a white, almost death-colored compound, known chemically as (KNO 3.) And now the Professor opens a new case. What is that in that shadowy, aye, that midnight-like box which he draws forth from the case? Black as an Egyptian night is the substance. Shrouded in pall is the mystery of its mean-

ing, for its symbol is simply (C.) Carefully, very carefully, he weighs out to exactness, 37.4 grams of (KNO₃), 5.9 grams of (S), 6.6 grams of (C). Calmly he mixes the substances; not a nerve visibly quivering, not a muscle twitching. The haze disappears from our clouded senses and—Horrors! the mixture is gunpowder! What meaneth the man? Is he cruel enough to destroy the frail, feminine creatures under his tutorship? Can he so far forget his humanity as to extinguish in one moment the bright, happy lives of those entrusted to his care?

Look! Look! Oh! Will no one stay the rash deed? See! The match is lighted, he ignites the gas, and, horrors! he deliberately and determinedly approaches the powder, holding the burner in his hand. One more moment and the deed will be done. Oh! is there no help? Alas! too late! He lights the powder. Instantly there is a blinding, lurid flash, a heartrending whisper from the girls, a mad, frantic rush—and Florence Waldo falls over the hard wood chair.

G stands for Grace

Whose last name is Felton,
She is mighty "stuck up"

Since she's been "running" with Seldon.

THE STUDENTS' TALE.

Cram

Exam.

Flunk

Trunk

Sweet angelic beings

Wondrous trim and fair.

Eva Bowman and Miss Ely.
Studious beyond all discription.

Not at all attached to boys.

Vina Scripture and Maud Seldon.

Ab. Orton the far-famed orator,

From Rome's great science room,
May some day make a monitor,

With cap, and gown, and broom.

Wonder who Backus will take to the
Class day reception?

Will it be Circe?

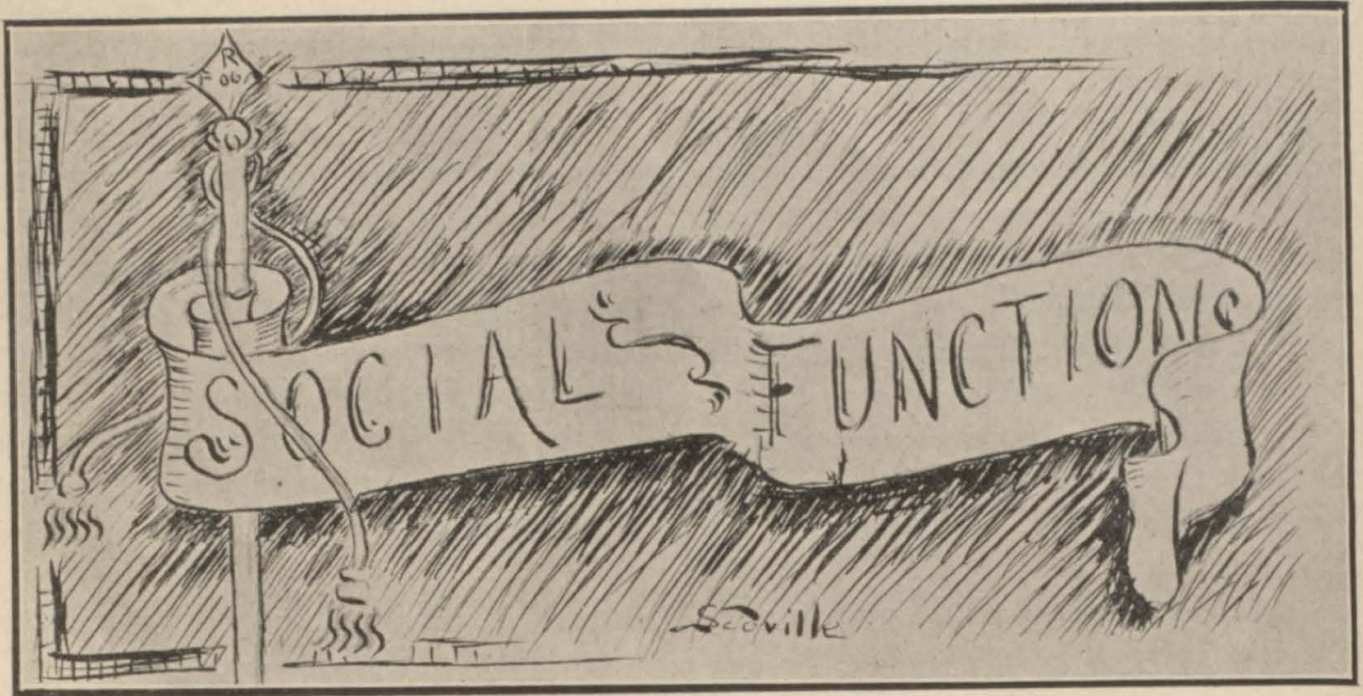
Epigram on Lake's tombstone:

Here lies a man of worth untold,
Untold because unknown,
His soul to nothing has he sold,
For nothing did he own.

Let me not burst in ignorance.—Win- -
ed W-ld-n.

Struck on himself and has no rival.

"Davy."



SENIOR DANCE.

Formerly it has been the custom for the Senior Class to give a sleighride on some stormy night in the depth of winter. But, as the weather was quite changeable this year, our plans had to be revised several times. Many were the meetings called for the Senior Class and serious consultations were carried on. At last, one and all decided that the fates were against us and a private dance was decided on for Friday evening, Feb. 23. It was held in the G. A. R. Hall and every effort was put forth to make it an

enjoyable affair. Elaborate refreshments were served at midnight by Caterer Tunbridge. The music was furnished by Yordon's Elite Orchestra, which was seated behind a gorgeous bank of palms. One of our members accompanied the orchestra with his melodious flute. The dancing was continued untill four o'clock, and various games of cards were enjoyed by some who did not dance. The hall was handsomely decorated with banners and colored paper. The class of 1906 is noted for its good sense and we sincerely hope that the underclasses will follow our good example.





7:30 a. m. at Marsh's, the morning after the Hallowe'en Party

SENIOR HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

The Senior Hallowe'en Party! What harmonious discords does it bring to mind! What a delightful night it was (at home)! About forty of the Seniors and a few friends, through various alleys and devious lanes, gathered at the welcome home of Mr. Marsh. At 7:30 a strange, uncanny figure entered the house. He was dressed—in woman's attire. We vouch for it that he is no jack-the-hug-him. In a few moments he disrobed himself, and, with a shock to our steel nerve, we beheld—a Senior. We had hardly recovered our Senior Dignity when Miss Andrews and Miss Gowing entered the room, bringing their Boys with them—no, it is only a delusion, they are not Boys, they are—Seniors! With fear and trembling (?) we marched, en masse, to the fine barn where we were to make merry. The windows and doors were bolted and

barred and all eatables were transferred to the upper floor.

Promptly at eight o'clock war was declared by an almost unanimous vote—Simon and Hitchcock dissenting. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! What means those horrible, awe inspiring (?) sounds? Bang! Bang! Ah; they are our friends, the hostile Midnight marauders. For two long hours (a century in each) the brave defenders withstood the merciless onslaughts of fifty, stone-hearted, relentless, horrible, mudmen. With a battering ram weighing a ton (or less) the hostiles beat down our breastwork (window panes) and succeeded in arousing the spirit of resistance to a ferocious excitement.

At last a breach is made in the front wall, but no enemy dares to attempt to enter the fort. With a bloodcurdling yell the Seniors are upon the intruders! Foremost is "Big Joe" (not flour, but Wallace) with a telegraph pole (?) in his dainty hands.

Revenge illumines his pathway and destruction follows in his footsteps. Well it is for Grover that he is a "chip of the old block" (Flint block) for one audacious enemy, with a yell of savage delight, makes a forcible impression upon him with a rail fence.

The victory rests with the Seniors, who serenely retire to the hospitable shelter of the barn, which was decorated with skulls, bones, jacklanterns, cornstalks, etc. For three short hours, Senior Dignity is lost in a maize of fun and jollity. Refreshments were served and then each person selected one of the artificial pumpkins which were attached to a line. To each pumpkin was attached a "fortune" which had to be read by the possessor. One unfortunate mourner was found, bowed down in spirit, in a corner. After a sad and painful operation, we extracted his grief which, with due apology we privately make public:

"You will marry a widow who has a daughter. Your father will frequently visit your house; fall in love and marry your stepdaughter. Thus your father will become your son-in-law and your stepdaughter your mother, because she will be your father's wife. Your stepdaughter will have also a son; he will of course be your brother and at the same time your grandchild, for he will be the son of your daughter. Your wife will be your grandmother because she was your mother's mother. You will be your wife's husband and grandchild at the same time; and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather you will be your own grandfather."

It was with a feeling of the greatest felicity that the party broke up for the night. Our discomforted visitors wisely retired from the field proudly held by the meek Seniors.

We wish to thank Mr. Marsh for his appreciated kindness in putting his property at our disposal. We regret that there are such practical examples of the "Descent of Man"

but express our hope of pardon for the extreme peace methods used by our warlike opponents.

Heaven and earth may pass away, but the memory of the Senior Hallowe'en Party, Never!

THE JUNIOR RECEPTION.

Had it not been clearly understood that following a custom in this school, the Juniors were to give a reception to the Seniors upon Friday, May 18, there might have been few present for the invitations were not issued until two days before the event. The young ladies of the Senior Class did not receive theirs even then—not until Thursday, May 17. Most people like more than a day or two to decide upon a partner but, considering that the Seniors are particularly quick in thought, no great harm was done this time by not having the invitations sooner. However, we beg to inquire if the Junior Class followed the rule of "gentlemen before ladies" when they gave the young men the invitations first; and we admonish them, moreover, not to be so slow about all things, especially about school work or we fear that they will graduate a hundred years hence. However, when they succeed to our places in the Senior row, they may, also (possibly) advance to our more excellent ways.

At length upon Friday evening, we assembled at Seegar's Dancing Academy to enjoy the good time prepared for us with much thought upon the part of the Juniors. As we entered we were greeted with much handshaking by a committee consisting of several teachers and the officers of the Class of 1907. The orchestra began playing at nine o'clock and, with the exception of a short intermission, continued until four. The dancing was enjoyed and cards were played in an adjoining room. At one end of the

hall punch was served to refresh the warm dancers.

At about four o'clock the last of the dancers, weary but feeling that they were well repaid by the good time they had had, left the hall. We regret to say that one of the gentlemen (don't tell anybody it was Prof. Harris) found that his hat was missing and that two of the young ladies accidentally exchanged coats. But altogether it was a very pleasant reception and reflects much credit upon the class.

PANEGYRIC ON THE

FOOT BALL TEAM OF '05

Yes! R. F. A. had a foot ball team
 In the fall of nineteen five,
 And 'mid its defeats, one radiant gleam,
 To keep its mem'ry alive.
 But for fear this's not sufficient,
 We'll try as a last resort,
 A burial of its men most decent,
 And be sure of no retort.
 Now Fox he was the manager,
 And on the girls he was Sweet;
 But as a foot ball player
 Bill Sweet had him sore beat.
 Harv' Selden he was captain,
 And full back he did play,
 And he'd always make a gain
 When others cleared his way.
 And Cornish he was man enough
 To hold his own for fair;
 And Chapman, he could always snuff
 When danger was in air.
 And Pendill he did play so hard,
 His collarbone he broke;
 "Geek" Geisler would have put on lard
 If he didn't so love to smoke.
 Hunt Ethridge was a plucky end,
 For he made many a play
 Which experts could not wish to mend
 In his student, Clarence Day.

Now all the towns they visited
 Were made to feel their worth,
 For e'en if they were sore worsted,
 They were quite full of mirth.
 Yes! Camden is a quiet town,
 Yet Rowland he was very gay
 When he rode up in the wagon,
 And when he came away.
 But Wallace he wished not to stay
 To hear the show girls sing;
 So he went sadly back to Rome,
 His tear-filled eyes dry to wring.
 Now Bacon he took great delight
 To pull the wooly wool,
 For when the train went out of sight
 He had to walk to McConnellsville.
 Now foot ball team of nineteen six,
 Our good points emulate;
 But take our advice and always kick
 Defeats from off your slate.

ALLOW US TO INTRODUCE TO YOU:

The Modern Flirt—MacF-rl-nd.
 The Girls' Chum—"Gil" H-gh-s.
 The Fallen Angel.—H-r-ld C-rn-sh.
 Any Fellow's Girl—Fl-r-n-e W-l-o.
 The Replated Fashion Plate—H-r-ld
 D-n-o.
 Simon's Hopes—I-r-n- K-uf-an.
 The Big Baby—J-e W-l-a-e.
 The Greatest Human Rubberneck—
 "Sid" B-ck-s.
 An Unreal Condition—Sch-ll-ng with-
 out "Dimples."
 The Switchboard of Affections.—"Jim"
 F-tz-im-o-s.



JUNIOR HISTORY.

President.

HAROLD J. CORNISH.

Vice President,

VINA SCRIPTURE.

Secretary,

ALBERT ORTON JR.

Treasurer,

EVA BOWMAN.

When has such a class held the title of Juniors of the Rome Free Academy? The class of nineteen hundred and seven has displayed talent in education which has submerged the honors of all preceding classes. Our motto and aim is the reward which has been obtained by all ambitious classes, namely, education. We have diligently followed the distinguished example set forth by the most worthy class of 1906 and by so doing have obtained the degree which we now bear.

In the year of 1903 we ascended from the fatherly wing of Professor Barringer into the long-looked for assembly room of the Rome Free Academy. It was a consoling thought to think that we were so near the golden reward of graduation. For three long years we have striven to hold up the

standards which have been set before us by the many distinguished classes. As we look ahead we find that we are confronted by the most difficult year of our educational career, but we hope that when the twenty-fifth day of June, 1907, has come we will be able to receive the ever-looked for congratulations of graduation.

As we have won laurels by our success in knowledge so we have exhibited talent in athletics. The base ball team of 1906 was honored by having a Junior on its pitching staff. As to the two Herculean giants of the foot ball team of 1905 they are both Juniors. But when we mention the track team we are proud to say that the winner of the greatest number of points was one of these Junior Herculean Giants. Who were

the officers of the Athletic Association of 1905-1906? We were honored by having one of our distinguished and learned brothers placed upon the throne of Vice President; also the Manager of the newly established hockey team is an active member of our class.

Among the worthies of mention of our class is Willoughby Pendill, 1911, A. D., M. D. George Riley, who is looked upon as being the modern Greek poet, will in after years, if the legal profession still stands, be counted among the dignified statesmen of the United States Senate.

Many are the scholars of our class whom I might mention, but life is limited.

A word for the sisters. We are blessed not only by knowledge and athletics but also by beauty. Miss Waldo, who poses as the queen of gods, and Miss Lillibridge as the crystal of sunshine, are among those of the most elegant sex.

But let us regain the thoughts of those who have tenderly looked over us during our academic childhood. Under the supervision of the teachers of science, mathematics, Eng-

lish and foreign language, we have every reason to be thankful for their kind services and to wish Prof. Harris, Prof. Campbell, Miss Andrews, Miss Thalman, Miss Higham, Miss Creble, and lastly but not least, Miss Kirtland, for her tender care in elocution, the greatest success and enjoyment during the rest of their lives.

In recalling to mind the different events which have taken place during the three years of our upper school life, one in particular comes up before our eyes.

On the eighteenth of May, 1906, was tendered, by the class of 1907 to the Senior class of 1906 at Seegar's Dancing Academy, a reception. The function was very pleasantly carried out and greatly enjoyed by all.

The school year of 1906 is drawing near the close. But we hope that when we meet in the sunny portico at the opening of school in September, we will meet with a desire for study so that we may obtain the long looked for diplomas of 1907.

Harold J. Cornish, '07.





1908

SOPHOMORE HISTORY.

The class of 1908 is the most remarkable class which has yet entered the High School. We came from the Court Street School in September, 1905, thinking that we were "the whole push." We were very fresh of course but the upperclasses honored us with a ducking and some sound advice. We were a good sized class at first but after exams many of the fellows decided not to

overwork their brain but to take it easy and be freshmen for another year.

The following officers were elected in the first meeting: President, Cletus Raffauf; Vice President, Pauline Mowry; Secretary, Elton Townsend; Treasurer, Lois Thalman. These officers have had very arduous duties. The president has called but one meeting and the secretary has recorded no minutes. The treasurer as yet has had no chance of robbing the class of money (there being no money in the treasury.) We have a great array of talent and genius in this class. The students of the Rome High School will long remember this class as one to be revered and honored.

The people all over the United States will be talking about Stuart Jones, the great pitcher. Gould tends to be a professional runner; Fraver and Webster will astonish the base ball world by their great playing; Townsend will become electrician for the Bungtown Telephone Co.; Rawson Williams will teach electricity to his fellow farmers in Verona; Amos Grimm will take the place of J. Y. Burns in electrical door bell fitting, and Frank Evans will teach agriculture in the future Delta High School. For Gerard Edell we predict a lively future hoeing potatoes this summer. There are many more people in this class who are destined to become famous but lack of space prevents us.





HISTORY.

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OLD ACADEMY DAYS.

A Monologue.

Is that you, Nell? Come right up stairs. I'm all alone. No, I'm not going anywhere. I just want to tell you what I was thinking about. I sat here reading "The World's Work" (you know that's my favorite magazine) when suddenly I burst out laughing, and I just rocked backwards and forwards and laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks. I thought I had been reading "Shall Niagara be Saved?" but I really can't see any connection between that article and the guilty, crest-fallen look on your face when we suddenly heard the sound of steps on the stairs, saw the attic door of the old academy flung wide open, and started back in speechless horror as we met the

steady gaze of those black eyes we had learned to dread and to respect. You looked so inexpressibly funny, with that great, juicy, fat pickle in one hand, a banana in the other, and your right cheek extended to the size of the largest lemon in the bag. Nell, I'll never forget the ludicrous picture of ourselves as we solemnly gathered up the fragments of that lunch so joyously tucked in the recesses of the stairs but a few moments before this cruel interruption. How our hearts had rejoiced when Miss _____ pleasantly nodded assent to "our bunch" as, one by one, we innocently raised our hands for permission to leave the study room. But now, we fairly hated Beatrice _____ for suggesting that little lunch in the attic during the study period. Wasn't it awful though, to be obliged, like convicts, to steal

by that stern figure in the doorway? "*Meus animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit.*" That was a rare adventure and practically unheard of after we voted to give up all privileges during the study period in order to have a short intermission between classes. What thoughtless pranks girls will sometimes play just for the sake of a little fun.

The old Academy was certainly very prosperous in our day. Weren't we justly proud of our base ball team! Best in the history of the institution. Mr. H—— said it was due to the fact that they were all boys of character and scholarship—all level headed. Then there was The Independent Debating Club which served to sharpen the wits of its youthful members and to astonish the rest of us with its trio of giant debaters. The Kirtland Club brought out some fine talent. Doesn't it seem queer that three of the Theta Phi boys are aldermen—*patres urbis*. Fathers of the city! What an honored title! Beloved and respected members of the community. Truly, success is theirs. The Sunshine Club had a very appropriate name. Their genial rays warmed the hearts of everyone—even the poorest. But the girls of '06 set up a pretty high standard for us to follow! What's this you are telling me about G. P. and W. P.? Well, I'm not surprised. I knew they'd be successful. Don't you often think about some of the boys and girls we used to see day after day, and wonder what ever became of them? This afternoon I

was reading in The Rome Daily Sentinel an account of a man in San Francisco who had only \$1.60 after the earthquake, but now has an income of \$2,500 a month. The writer makes this remark:— "This misfortune sharpened his wits." Perhaps that explains the wonderful prosperity of some of the students who were considered of little consequence by *οἱ πολλοί* of those days.

By the way, I promised a friend that I'd find out about Jim Brown, the star of our Chemistry class. No way of finding out? Isn't there any sort of a record that we can consult? It's rather hard on us poor alumni to be entirely forgotten after spending four of our best years within the walls of R. F. A. Why, every year I receive a return postal from our University, containing a few questions about residence, present occupation, etc., —. My dear, do you recognize that voice in the parlor? In my excitement, I've been raising my tones to such a pitch that anybody in the house could hear me and I do believe that — that — Mr. A—— one of the school authorities, could hear every word I have said. Perhaps he agrees with us. What if we should have an Alumni Record?

Yes, that was a good joke on Sidney — Gowing, Gone. You must be "gowing?" Would you mind pushing in the bolt of the vestibule door as you go out?

"Olive Oil."

"Olive Oil."

*President of Athletic Association.*

PROF. D. R. CAMPBELL.

Vice President.

GEORGE J. RILEY.

Secretary.

LAURA WOOD.

Treasurer.

PROF. H. W. HARRIS.

Alumni Representatives.

HELEN WHEELER.

HOWARD MACFARLAND.

During no past year have the Athletics of the R. F. A. been more surprising than the one just closed. With little known material to build upon, we have reared a structure of hard, persistent effort unsurpassed in the history of the school. To be sure we have met with some defeats but these have proved but incentives to spur us on to greater efforts and grander victories. Financial difficulties have been unknown, every department proving self-supporting; some even reaching beyond this and reporting a balance on hand. Good clean athletics have been enjoyed during the whole year and the school should arouse itself and render their heartiest support in the future.

*Managers.**Foot Ball*.....J. D. FLANAGAN*Hockey*.....W. C. PENDELL*Track*.....H. SELDON*Base Ball*.....S. N. LAKE*Boys' Basket Ball*.....A. J. GRIMM*Girls' Basket Ball*.....MAY WILSON*Captains.**Foot Ball*.....H. SELDON*Base Ball*.....S. K. BACKUS*Track Team*.....G. N. WILSON*AWARD OF R's.*

In connection with the class exercises this afternoon Stuart Lake, manager of the Rome Free Academy base ball team for the season of 1906, announced that the following students were entitled to the R, having taken part in three full games or parts of four, as follows: Sidney K. Backus, 11 games; Frank Fraver, 13; James Beasley, 14; J. Arthur Meehan, 14; Grover C. Flint, 14; James William Wilson jr., 9; Willoughby C. Pendill, 5; J. Edgar Fitzsimmons, 11; Lawrence Larrabee, 14; Henry S. Webster, 13; Fred A. Hodges, 4; Howard D. MacFarland, 8; Harold E. Denio 4.

By reason of merit in the recent inter-class meet the following contestants are entitled to wear the R: Huntington Ethridge, 5 points; G. N. Wilson, 5; Merwin E. Rowland, 7.

In the inter-scholastic meet at Oneida recently the following won the R: Willoughby C. Pendill, 23½ points; Franklin Chapman, 17; Huntington Ethridge, 15.

The diplomas awarded the successful contestants for the honor of wearing the R are very neat and attractive and are highly prized by the students.

In opening the exercises in connection with the award of the R's Prof. H. W. Harris, principal of the Academy, gave a brief but interesting talk, referring to the recent Olympian games in Athens, Greece, in which the Americans were the acknowledged champion athletes of the world. He spoke of this as the crowning event of the Olympian games of the Rome Free Academy. He congratulated the members of the teams as teams and as individuals. It gave him great pleasure to be able to say that the athletes of the school were also the representative students of the institution, all having an excellent standing in scholarship.

The presentation of diplomas was made to the successful contestants by Prof. D. R. Campbell, the president of the Athletic Association. He told what the R stood for and how obtained, referring to Section 5 of Article 5 of the Constitution of the Athletic

Association. These awards are the first to be made under this rule, which was amended a year ago. The rule follows:

"The Rome Free Academy 'R' will, at the close of each season, be publicly awarded by the Advisory Board to students who have played in all of three or parts of four regular athletic games or have won five points in an interscholastic meet or fifteen points in an interclass meet. A manager may wear an 'R' on his cap."

Continuing Prof. Campbell referred to the interest taken by Sidney K. Backus, captain of the base ball team, and George N. Wilson, captain of the track team. The spirit of harmony and good feeling in the work of the students in athletics and class work shown by the class of 1906 has never been equaled. It has led the citizens to take an interest in the school's athletics and that they do is manifested by their presence at the various events and by their assistance in equipping the ball team with uniforms and necessary paraphernalia. It was a pleasure to Prof. Campbell to state that every student participating in the athletics was a bona fide student in the Academy with a good standing in his studies. If a student falls below par he is not permitted to take part in the sports as a representative of the Academy. In presenting the diplomas Prof. Campbell individually congratulated each winner as he came forward to receive his award.





FOOT BALL.

The foot ball team of 1905 was not as successful as some of the other R. F. A. teams have been. We had lost such good men as Bell, Flanagan, Tobin, Wolfe, Wilson and Evans and on that account a considerable amount of new timber had to be used. Of special mention Frank Chapman is deserving, for he played a spirited game throughout the season.

The team is grateful for the support which

it had, for it was able to come out \$40 to the good at the close of the season, and it that way makes a record for the High School. In most of the out of town games we had a goodly number of rooters, especially up to Camden, where Rowland and Oliver rooted until late in the evening, and besides that Rowland played in most of the game.

We trust that the team of 1906 will out-class us in playing but in other things will emulate our worthy example.

Class	Player	Position	Weight	Height	SEASON 1905—		Age
					No. Games	Played	
					Whole	Parts	
'09	Bacon	R. T.	150	6	3	1	17
'09	Chapman	L. H. B.	132	5.10	6		16
'07	Cornish	R. T.	150	6.1	3		17
'09	Day	L. E.	125	5.6		4	16
'09	Ethridge	R. E.	125	5.8	6		16
'06	Fox—Mgr.	Q. B.	128	5.7	3	1	17
'09	Geisler	R. H. B. & L. E.	150	6.2	5		18
'06	Gould	L. G.	151	5.11	4		19
'08	Grimm	L. G. & L. E.	142	6.1	1	1	17
'07	Hodges	R. H. B. & L. E.	137	5.8½	1		16
'09	Hughes	Center	140	5.6	6		18
'07	Parry	R. G.	170	6.0½	2		16
'06	Pendell	R. H. B.	153	5.9	2	1	18
'06	Rowland	R. G.	145	5.11	5	1	16
'08	Selden—Capt.	F. B.	140	5.10½	6		17
'09	Sweet	Q. B.	112	5.5	3		16
'06	Wallace	L. T.	168	6.3	5		20
'09	Wesley	R. H. B.	145	6	2		21



BASE BALL.

The season of 1906 was a very successful one for the Academy Team. Early in the Spring, the manager called the men out for practice and they practiced steadily until their first game, April 21st, at Frankfort. Then they met defeat by the score of 19-14. The game was played in the cellar of an old mill and being used to a good diamond the boys were unable to put up a good game. The next game was played at Clinton with the Clinton Prep. School.

This game was won by R. F. A. 23-5. On the next Saturday, April 28, accompanied by a small crowd of "fans" they were beaten at Utica by U. F. A. 29-5. Their first home game was with Frankfort, May 3, when they took the visitors into camp to the tune of 9-0. Their next game was at Herkimer. There they played on a very poor diamond which was responsible for their losing the game 21-9. On Wed., May 9, the Hamilton College Freshman

team was beaten on the home diamond 14-7. On the following Saturday, R. F. A. journeyed to Camden and there defeated C. H. S. 8-6. On Tuesday, May 13, the team defeated a team representing the Deaf Mute Institute of this city 14-2. On Wednesday, May 16, C. P. S. was again defeated by R. F. A. 28-7. On Saturday, the 19th, the boys beat Herkimer High School 11-5, and immediately following this played Ilion High School and were beaten 20-18. On the 23d the Camden boys played their return game here and were defeated 10-4. The 2nd of June R. F. A. played I. H. S. at Ilion and did them up 10-3. The last game of the season was played with Utica at Riverside Park and was lost by the Romans 11-6.

SUMMARY:

Games played, 14; won 9, lost 5, percentage .644.

SCORES:

R. F. A., 167. Opponents, 153.

The team was as fast an aggregation of ball tossers as any ever produced by the Academy. Sidney Backus, the captain, handled his men well and held down the initial sack in good style. Fraver at 2nd, put up a game that a leaguer need not be ashamed of. Beasley played well at ss. Meehan the "Westernville Wonder" or "Stonewall" as the boys like to call him, played fast ball all through the season at 3b. The outfielders, Larrabee, Fitzsimmons and "Hank" Webster got everything in sight and smashed the covers off from several balls when at the bat. Flint, played his game behind the bat like the veteran that he is, stopping everything and throwing to second in a manner which allowed very few men to steal. Wilson, Denio and Pendill pitched steady ball and were a credit to the Academy. Hodges' sub, played well in the game in which he participated.

The only fault to find with the whole season was the crowds which attended the games. They were small and did not show the spirit that they should. But let us hope that next season and in the base ball seasons to come the students of R. F. A. will turn out to the games in a way which will show the proper school spirit and not only put the atheletic association on its feet, but will put it on the top of a 27-story building.

INTER-CLASS MEET.

The inter-class meet held at Riverside Park merited a larger attendance than it received. The contests were interesting and competition lively. The freshmen completely outclassed all their rivals, scoring 69 points to the 14 of the class of '08, the 23½ of '07 and the 8½ points of the graduating class. The officers were as follows: Referee, Prof. D. R. Campbell; starter, Bart Shiras; timer, Loyal Spear; judges, George Riley and Harvey Selden; announcer, Albert Orton jr.

The events and winners were as follows:

100-Yard Dash—Chapman, '09, first; Pendill, '07, second; Sweet, '09, third. Time, 10 4-5 seconds.

Twelve-Pound Shot Put—Wesley, '09, first; Hughes, '09, second; W. Bronson, '09, third. Distance, 28 feet and 2 inches.

220-Yard Dash—Pendill, '07, first; Chapman, '09, second; J. Gould, '08, third. Time, 25 seconds.

High Jump—Geisler, '09, first; Chapman, '09, second; J. Bronson and Pendill, tied, third. Height, 4 feet, 8 inches.

440-Yard Dash—Pendill, '07, first; W. Bronson, '09, second; Sweet, '09, third. Time, 59 2-3 seconds.

Broad Jump—W. Bronson, '08, first; Chapman, '09, second; Sweet, '09, third. Distance, 16 feet 4 inches.

Twelve-Pound Hammer Throw — Pendill, '07, first; Hughes, '09, second; Geisler, '09, third. Distance, 74 feet 2 inches.

One Mile Bicycle Race—Day, '09, first; Fitzsimmons, '06, second; Brown, '09, third. Time, 3 minutes 12 1-3 seconds.

Mile Run—Ethridge, '09, first; Gould, '08, second; Day, '09, third. Time, 5 minutes 27 2-5 seconds.

Base Ball Throw—Pendill, '07, first; Fitzsimmons, '06, and Noble, '08, tied for second. Distance, 269 feet.

Two-Mile Run—Ethridge, '09, first; Gould, '08, second; Raffauf, '09, third. Time, 15 minutes and 42 seconds.

Pole Vault—Chapman, '09, first; Sweet, '09, second; Day, '09, third. Distance, 6 feet.

Half-Mile Run—Ethridge, '09, first; Rowland, '06, second. Time, 2 minutes 43½ seconds.



R. F. A. IN THE PAST.

Prior to 1849 we know little accurately about the schools of Rome as no authentic history had been preserved until that date. However, we know that on April 28, 1835, the Rome Academy was incorporated and that in 1848, by subscription, under the auspices of a private Board of Trustees the three story brick building was erected which continued in use up to 1898.

A rate fee was charged for attendance at the Academy until 1869 when, under the influence of public opinion the school was turned over to the Board of Education of the then recently established Union Free School District No. 5 of Rome. This Board consisted of Stephen Van Dresar, John Reifert, Zaccheus Hill, Edward Huntington, R. E. Sutton and H. O. Southworth.

The lot on which the old Academy was built and on which the new High School now stands, was donated by Dominick Lynch on condition that it be forever used for school purposes.

After it was turned over in 1869 no admittance fee has been charged for resident pupils. From then it has held and deserved the name of Rome Free Academy.

In 1869 there were in attendance at this school 97 pupils; in 1877, 200. Now we have an attendance in the strictly academic department of about 280 students.

In 1872 the building was repaired and enlarged to meet the growing requirements. Later, in 1898, it was torn down and a new one erected, which is more adequate for the existing needs.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Janie Armstrong is attending Miss Burnham's school Preparatory for Smith College, North Hampton, Mass.; Ruth Benedict, Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.; Florence Olney, Wellesley College at Wellesley, Mass.; Mary E. Mead, Albany Business College. Anna Jones and Agnes Leary are attending the Rome Training Class. Nellie Leaberry continued her studies for a time in Albany and is now teaching near Floyd. Ethyl Waldo is teaching school near Westernville and Elizabeth Smith near Lowell. Bessie Graves, Susan Pillmore and Leota Fuller are employed as stenographers in this city. Ethyl Jones Merritt is as yet the only matron of the class although as far as we can learn others are waiting.

"Davy" MacFarland is back for a Post Graduate Course according to his own account yet ostensibly to visit with the teachers.

Floyd Bell is on the farm.

Ernest Countryman is in the telephone business.

Arthur Evans is studying at Hamilton College.

Walter Evans is at Cornell.

Will Evans has a position with the Hudson River Trust Co.

Thomas Flanagan is the illuminant of New York City.

Lucius Gaines is loose.

Stewart Groff has disappeared.

"Pop" Harrington is settling.

"Gobbo" Herrman is making beds for future use.

Delos Humphrey is a "Si."

"Joe" Keating hangs around town.

James Tobin is supposed to be working hard.

"Coffee" Wilson has become brassy.

"Dick" Williams is preaching.

"Bill" Wolfe is "doing" Hower.

"Nig" Neiss is married to Jackson's Dry Goods Store.

R. F. A. IN THE FUTURE.

To attempt to depict the R. F. A. in the future would be as easy as it is to "build a worm fence around a winter's supply of summer weather" or to "skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon." Outwardly there will be but little change. Probably the building of an observatory on the end of the flagpole will be the single break in the monotonous outlines of the building. To be sure there will be burial places in the front yard to hold a few of our already time-honored teachers. But the rest remains in its frigid outlines, a strayed iceberg from the far north.

Within the school, the whirl of changes will produce a new face. The roof of the Science Room will be removed to allow the cold air to contract some of the dangerously expanded theories of Prof. Campbell. His prolific brain will strive to bring conclusive evidence that a hurricane can be broke to harness; that an earthquake can be ground-slued; that a cover can be pinned on a volcano and thus save many scalps; that all the hosts of stars can be easily hived in a nail keg. The vast importance of these momentous profundities ought to stir the very soles from our shoes.

The vastly enlarged (because Bacon and Pendill will be gone) study hall will be a curio of curious curiosity. Promptly at 8:45 a. m. and 1 p. m. every baby is in his seat and his feet secured in stocks to prevent stamping. Every book is secured to the seat by a steel chain in order that honesty may be assured. But one especially queer thing will be noticed; all the books will be of steel. These are absolutely necessary to prevent bankruptcy, for concentration will be so intense that books made of aught else but steel will be filled with holes because of the keenness of the scholars' glance.

Everywhere mirror contrivances will betray any change in a pupil's countenance. Any inward contriving can be discerned by

the teacher on charge by means of mirrors turned inside out. Notes will be conveyed by psychological impressions sent out by will-power. But if the notes, in their impression journey should unfortunately meet a hollow head, a resounding whack will betray to the teachers just where the note is.

Suspended above the platform will be a huge canvass upon which these rules shall be found: Seniors may speak before 9:15 a. m. or 1:15 p. m., but must go home to mamma immediately after the close of each session.

No Senior shall turn his or her head more than three times each session.

Privilege of using Reference Table shall be secured by uplifted hand.

If your eyes get tired look up but once from your book each period.

The following rules are important:

Any child caught whispering will be tried as a criminal and punished for each offense until the said child shall have learned to whisper without being detected.

All visitors shall amuse themselves. They must not turn their craniums or stretch their extra rubber. Let them also guard against lifting their eyes above their eyebrows or breathing more than twenty-four times an hour.

No log chain attached to Reference Books, to prevent the books being used, shall be broken asunder.

No Freshman shall bring more than one quart of milk with him for each session.

If any of these wise rules are broken, eternal oblivion will result.

The steel ceiling will, by one of Prof. Campbell's chemical formulae, be transformed into gold. All the room will be likewise adorned with golden air castles. One thing only will spoil the richness of the surroundings, and that will be the presence of Florence Sellick, who will probably remain fresh until the next leap year. The teacher on charge will be compelled to use sternness

because babies understand it far better than they understand kindness.

The Slingerland contest will be dropped because the contestants would, on account of their size, have to be placed on chairs in order to be seen. The Davis essay will of course be continued until another generation has had a fair show in displaying its ignorance. It is almost certain that one of Wallace's brilliant descendants will be winner in 1941 on the domestic subject:

The Cow.

"A cow is an animal with four legs on the under side. The tail is longer than the legs, but it is not used to stand on. The cow kills flies with her tail. A cow has big ears that wiggle on hinges; so does the tail. A cow is bigger than a calf, but not as big as an elephant. She is made so small that she can go into a barn when nobody is looking. Some cows are black and some hook. A dog was hooked once. She tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat. Black cows give white milk and so do other cows. Milkmen sell milk to buy their little girls dresses; which they put water in and chalk. Cows chew cuds and each cow finds its own chew. This is all there is about cows."

The D. A. R. Oration and Essay prizes will be awarded to the geniuses who can invent something unknown to man and excel in portraying what has never been seen.

But all the changes will be wise ones for the folly of the Seniors is wiser than the wisdom of any underlings.

But above all things else shall this be noticeable: "There is some hope that Pendill will die soon and relieve us of the task of forcibly ejecting him."

The standard of the school, sad to relate, will be lowered (Because of the Office-building for Prof. Crane.)

Two new teachers will be seen to replace Miss Andrews and also Miss Creeble (moved to the Center—of attraction.) All the other

teachers will by that time be called old, (so will Prof. Harris's salary increase.) If aught herein set down is incorrect, let us know beforehand and we'll leave it as it is.

This is but a single radiant beam of the glorious sunlight of the R. F. A. in the future. More would dazzle and confound

your senses else had this story but now begun. Think on these things and conjure their equal if possible among the sons of men. Let us take heed to our future R. F. A. and prove our loyalty by forgetting her past and diving into her future (As Schilling dives into the fellow who walks with "Dimples.")



If thou readest this, the Senior Annual, thou mayest live.—Editors.

My life is one long, horrid grind.—H-r-ow B-c-n.

Why do you walk as if you had swallowed a ramrod?—L-s-ie Barn-d.

Behold! !—An-o-n-t Hals-e-d.

I was elevated with the consciousness of my intellectual superiority.—H-rv-y S-l-d-n.

Who dares to say me nay!—M-r-in Row-a-d.

What is a common wealth? Ans: 30c.—W-ll-u-h-y Pen-i-l.

He will never follow anything.—H-n-y W-b-t-r.

Do not despair; our youths and wildness shall end no farther than the grave.—L-w-e-c- Lar-abee. F-a-k F-av-r.

Lets kill him boldly, but not wrathfully; Lets carve him as a dish fit for the gods.—W-ll-an Ol-v-r.

When we tell him he hates flatterers, He says he does, being then most flattered.—D-n-el Sch-ll-ng.

His affections sway as much as his reason.—H-rv-y S-ld-n.

He looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend.—L-u-s S-m-n.

What he is, augmented, will run to these and these extremities; therefore think him as a serpent's egg which, hatched, would, like his kind, grow mischievous.—J-hn P-r-y.

Get you to bed again; it is not day.—L-s-ie B-rn-rd.

I have not slept, have I?—E-n Ow-ns.

Who doth desire to see you?—Os-ar St-oks.

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough to mask thy monstrous visage?—G-or-e R-l-y.

Now that thy head hast tried expansion, wilt thou not seek that better part, contraction?—R-ch-l P-tt-r.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night.

—G-en-l-n Ed-a-ds.

Mr. Campbell, while discussing his favorite theme, theories, said that some scientists believe that all thoughts, ideas, images, etc., of the brain are but gases and, consequently, they are liable to rise. "Bill" Wilson immediately turned to Clark Noble and told him to stand on his head and so keep what few brain products he had because the whole amount of Noble's thoughts, ideas, etc., expressed in theory by the word "gas," would not be sufficient to raise a feather off the ground. Query: Is Noble still standing on his head?

A man no mightier than thyself or me in personal action, yet prodigious grown and fearful.—D-n-el Sch-ll-ng.

Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.—F-ed H-dg-s.

Who can measure his worth (?) and our (?) great need of him?—J-n Or-on.

Crown him?—that;—S-u-rt L-k-

I would I could sleep soundly.—G-o-g-R-l-y.

O! name him not.—H-r-ld D-n-o.

When on this page you chance to look, Just think of me and close the book.

—G-a-e Wood.

Apply thine *heart* unto knowledge.—Ed-a-d G-wk--s.

Divorce is such a shocking term

We ought to be more tony,

And in alluding to it

Say Progressive Matrimony.

The Senior Class.

The large are not the sweetest flowers.—H-r-y Wes-ey.

O childhood is a golden time.—

The Freshman Class.

I want to go home to dinner.—H-n-y Web--er.

Why did "Sid." Backus and "Jim" Fitzsimmons shake hands when it was announced that the "Virgil" Class would not recite?

I nominate Mr. Rowland.—Cl-r-n-e F-x.

I'll bring the house down!—L-u-s Si-on.

As I am no longer needed, I hereby resign my intruding position as teacher to the Professor of Chemistry. Applications for this self-assumed position should be sent to your own address.—W-n-f-ed Lill-b-i-ge.

O B Y Y Y.

'Tis the men who are busy as B B B B B
That opportunity fleeting can C C C C C,

For with wide open I I I I I

They grow wondrously Y Y Y Y Y
And spend their old age in great E E E E
E—The Editors.

Mr. President—Joe G-r-n-r to Jane H-gh-m.

Out of sight, out of mind.—Theia Phi.

Her lips are drifting dust.—H-l-n S-u-d-v-nt.

Miss Smith, what about the idler?

Prof. you don't know genius when you see it.—J-h- F-tz-i--o-s.

Beware! Men, Beware! — E-n-
O-ens.

Withsoever is this for why? Wherefore.
Ain't it?—J-n- Or-on.

A bad penny always returns.—C-a-k
Nob-e.

Simple or Compound.—Joe G-r-n-r.

From groves of spice,

O'er fields of rice,

Athwart the lotus-stream,

I bring my bon,

John Fitzsimmons,

A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,

The wild fireflies

Dance through the fairy "neem";

From the poppy-bole

For you I stole

A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good-night,

In golden light

The stars around you gleam;

On you I press

With soft caress

A little lovely dream.

—A-i-a Lill-b-i-ge.

That *Hope* and you,

Bright days will view.

—M-ss Cr-eb-l-e.

A long life, and a happy one;

A tall man, and a jolly one—

Like—well—you know who!

—M-ss And- -ws.

From memory's leaves,

I fondly squeeze

Three little words—

Forget Me Not.

—E-r M-o-e.

May beauty and truth,

Keep you in youth;

Green tea and sage,

Preserve your old age.

—J-n- Biel-y.

I had as lief not be as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

—J-y B-on-on.

Mark him and write his speeches. —
S-u-rt L-k-

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world

Like a Colossus.

—H-r-ld D-n-o.

Yes! appropriately he's called Si,

He belongs in Constantinople,

And yet I am moved to wonder why

They ever thought of creating him "Noble."

Talk about getting ready for a fellow.
Not long ago one of the High School girls
was talking with a certain Miss Dewey. The
conversation drifted on to the subject of bed-
quilts. Miss Dewey brightly said, "Oh, I
can piece them." It's wise to save ex-
Spence but Owens doesn't grow Blanck at
such little things.

A sober, quiet little fellow,

So good and ever pure;

Hackneyed but not yet mellow,

Always pensive and demure.

—W-ll W-l-on.

"Sid:" "Bill" the bells are ringing for fire.

"Bill:" No, "Sid" they are ringing for
water.

Few words are best.

—I-e-e Kau- -an.

Be not simply good

Be good for something.

—The Faculty.

Thy own trim, modest form,

Is always neatly clad,

Thou surely will make the tidiest wife

That ever husband had.

—R-th El- -s.

They who have light in themselves

Will not revolve as satellites.

—J-s-i- Rob-r-s, M-n-i- Sm-t-.

Away with the road to Sleepystrand

And the ferry to Slumber-Shore,

Away with the path to Yawny-Land

And the turnpike to Nod-and-Snore,

Away with the realm of Winky-eye

And the village of Cuddle-Down,

And eke with the ocean of By-lo-Bye
 And the haven of Dreamers town !
 Away with the cruise over Drowsy-bay
 To the kingdom of Lashes-fall
 Away, Away with them All, *We* say,
 Away with them, once for all !
 M-n-ie Sm-th, M-rj-r-e Ba-l-y, C-n-t-n-e
 L-ke, G-en-yn Ed-a-ds, An-o-n-et Hal-t-ad.
 What's in a Name ?

Marian Fidelia Platt Webster. Henry
 Washington Star Webster. \$5 Reward for
 longer private sign-boards.

Would he were fatter.—J-ne O-t-n.
 Fear him not, he's not dangerous.—
 C-a-e-ce F-x.

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
 As if he mock'd himself and scorned his
 spirit

That could be moved to smile at anything
 —D-n-el Sch-ll-ng.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease
 Whilst they behold a greater than them-
 selves.

—M-rw-n R-wl-nd.

Just Discovered.

Twentieth Century Compound. Steam
 engine, motor-car, parrot-warbler, canine-
 canary, silent-agitator, modern-antique, seri-
 ous-frivolity.—J-h- F-tz-i-m-ns.

Hochzeit (wedding) means landslide.—
 S-u-r- L-k-.

R. F. A. Question Marks.

Sweet?	Salted Bacon?
Grimm?	Sacred Scripture?
Noble?	Gawkins?
Foxy?	A Moose?
A Bird?	Sharpe?
Wood?	Birch (Burch)?
A Lake?	Day-time?
A Schilling?	Riley?
A Pitcher?	Eely (Ely)?

Why is it that Miss K———is allowed
 to stand in front of the school and talk with
 "Doc" H——— while the "students" have
 to "move on"?—Students.

Mother of vinegar.—E-i-y H-c-s.

Queen of Beauty.—G-a-e Fel-on.

How came it that "Jim" Fitzsimmons and
 "Theo" McMaster entered the Assembly
 Hall at the same time?—Inquirer: A-i-a
 Lill-b-i-ge.

Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
 That he is grown so great?

G-o-g- R-l-y.

He will, after his sour fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note.

L-u-s S-m-n.

Let me have men about me that are fat.—
 J-h- F-tz-i-m-ns.

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o'
 nights.—J-e W-l-a-e, L-o B-rt-n.

He thinks too much; such men are dan-
 gerous.—S-d-ey B-ck-s.

Baby Incubator—R. F. A.

How old is Miss G-w-ng? —Inquirer:
 "Joe" W-l-a-e.

Regents' Requirement Answered: We
 have regularly studied Concentration, in the
 Rome Free Academy, for forty dreary,
 weary, horrible weeks and have had ten lec-
 tures a week therein.—Student Body.

What is genius?—Ar-h-r H-t-h-o-k.

"I'm no chicken."—Miss — H—.
 Oh! farewell dear reveries of the past

In the High School English room,
 Such times, Oneita, could not last,

Graduation is my doom.

List'! in '07 when I come

Your pleasant face to see,
 Don't let me find in the English room
 Any masculine but me.

—J-h- F-tz-i-m-o-s.

That isn't dry yet, *My dear*.—W-n-f-e-
 L-ll-br-d-e to Mr. Campbell.

From the Mathematics Room conducted
 by Us and Co.:

A tall girl named Short long loved a cer-
 tain big Mr. Little, while Little, little think-
 ing of Short, loved a little lass named Long.
 To make a long story short, Little proposed
 to Long, and Short longed to be even with

Little's shortcomings. So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long. Query: Did tall Short love big Little less because Little loved Long?

Always I am Caesar.—S-e-c-r Ow-ns.

For mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.—E-n-st-n- Ja-ob-s.

He hath the falling sickness.—J-s-ph G-rd-er.

I am no true man.—How-rd Mac——

What a blunt fellow is this grown to be.—J-n- Or-on.

Ye do know him by his gait.—T-om-s S-v-ge.

The Eternal Feminine.

She had been through school and college

And could write herself A. B.;

She had studied a profession,

Which had added an M. D.;

She had dwelt in college settlements

And had clear, decided views

On political developments,

And she read the daily news.

But still she remained all feminine

Despite acquired lore—

She could never meet a woman

Without noting all she wore.

“Girls Prophecy” by Editors.

Can any one inform us how much

Kinney has to pay for a hair cut?

Silent Duel.

Miss C-ee-l- vs. Miss A-dr-w-.

Referee.

Mr. C-mp- -l-

Dorothy's Letters.

“I think I'll never learn to write,”

Said Dorothy one day,

“The kind of writing grown folks do;

Mine's such an easy way.

I just make little lines and dots

Instead of words, and then

I make three crosses for my name—

And that's Dorothy Ethridge.

A Conflict (of Names.)

Can't you take Latin I, third period, Olney?—Mr. Harris to Olney.

Concerning Correct Speech.

O, why should the spirit

Of grammar be proud

With such a wide margin

Of language allowed?

Of course there's a limit.

“I knowed” and “I've saw,”

“I seen” and “I done it,”

Are rather too raw;

But, then, there are others

No better than they

One hears in the talking

He hears every day.

“Where at?” asks one person,

Quite thoughtless. And “Who,”

Asks another, “did Mary

Give that bonnet to?”

Hear a maid as she twitters:

“O yes, I went out

With she and her fellow

In his runabout.”

And hear a man saying:

“Between you and I,

That block of Pacific

Would make a good buy.”

And this from a mother

Too kind to her boy:

“I had rather you shouldn't

Do things to annoy.”

And this from a student,

Concerning a show,

Who says to the maiden:

“Let's you and I go.”

There's lots of good people

That's talking like that,

Who should learn from we critics

To know where they're at.

—The Teachers.

Maxim (Maxham)—a precept.

One Foot (Henrietta) has two feet.

Still water runs deep (?)—S-u-r- & C-n-t-n-e Lake.

"Gee." I got some acid on me, what'll I do?—T-o-a- S-v-ge.

Practical Psychology exemplified.

Willoughby Pendell, Fred Hodges, Stuart Lake, Marjorie Bailey, Gwendolyn Edwards, Constance Lake.

Oh that size would'st make of me a man!—H-r-ow B-c-n.

Miss Creeble: "Louis Ziemann! what's the matter?"

Louis: "Ja! Ja!"

Why does Spencer Owens wear high shoes when he travels on South James street?

Ans: Because its so Dewey down that way.

"Jim" Fitzsimmons: (after a half-hour's reading.) Shall I go on? Or have I said enough? Class: Whoa! Jim.

Why did Flint hit "Sid" Backus when "Sid" said he had called on Miss Creeble the night before?

From the Teachers' note-book: Dot Ethridge, a disturbing element; coughs, and makes unnecessary noises.

We believe if Cooper was alive he would write a new story, entitled, "Yellow Stocking Tales." His hero, the wearer of yellow socks, would be Merwin Rowland, a lovely, loving, lovable, and much-loved member of the Senior Class.

We pity you indeed, Oh Class of '07,
And wonder if all your members
Will graduate before nineteen and 'leven.
The daily grind which you must do,

In order to safely make
The standard set by Class '06
Is hard to wholly contemplate;
Yet do not be discouraged
When your weaknesses you see,
Just drift your minds slowly back
To the class of 1903.

Sidney you will have to quit your preconceived notions,

And seek to muster all your grit by administered potions.

For altho Yale is very fine,

Syracuse is still better;

Remember! you must travel the Central line
Or write many a long, long letter.

WANTED—A new Penny with a good ring. "Doc's" getting Anto(i)nated.

Why isn't Geisler taller?

He branched out too much near the ground.

FOR SALE—Ideas, thoughts, ambition, brilliancy, energy, etc., etc., etc. This smoky fire-sale ends with my graduation.—W-ll-am H-gh-s.

A tame, domestic, educated animal.—E-r M-o-e.

Poor little grafters so honest and good,

The much-abused committee men;
How they like to saw the Classes' "soft Wood,"

Hazard an easy guess at them.

—F-x and L-k-

Speaking about evolved protoplasm don't, for curiosity's sake, look at the "Lillibridge Twins."

She staid so oft with wee "Daytime,"
She chased him through the "Study Hall,"
She doesn't forget to act as if I'm
The whole push; the rest are so small!

Winifred, thus begins your name,
Weldon, thus endeth it truly;
For goodness sake do get some brains,
And don't act quite so fooly.
Why is Harry Wesley bald-headed?
He sits too long in damp Churches.

"Sid" Backus will be a great help to his mother when he grows up if he stays by the Lake and don't Gow in.

Please behave yourself, Mr. MacFarland.
—Miss S-e-ey.

We wonder why "Sid" Backus got the mouse trap so quickly out of Pendell's seat and how Miss Gowing knew about it.

The long and the short of it.—Theo Mac- and M-ry Sq-i-es.

Gay I am and much admired,
Many teachers have I tired,
Sometimes a kid, sometimes a man;
Tell me this riddle if you can.

—"Sid." B-c-u-

We wonder how a Savage "Tommy" can
sit so near a Bronson "Jay."

Why does Hodge wear a small cap?

Ans.—To get Brown.

Mr. Harris has decided to discontinue his
converging lessons on practical concentration
because of the indifference evinced by the
students and of the invisible pecuniary gains
derived therefrom.

Sh! Don't interrupt Grover F— and
Miss C—. They are enjoying their usual
after-dinner talk in the (foreign) Language
Room.

Rat traps & Catchers for sale.

Sidney Backus, Rome Agent.

Miss G—, Syracuse Agent.

General Office, Halfway between Rome and
her sister, Sarah Cuse.

I love its giddy gurgle,
I love its fluent flow;
I love to wind my tongue up,
I love to hear it go.

—R-th H-pk-ns.

You needn't think you're the whole gar-
den if your hair is a little reddish.—W-l-i-m
H-gh-s.

In heaven above, where all is love,

There will be no faculty there.

Oh, I do love a Grove (r). It is so re-
freshing.—Em-ly H-ks.

Now please don't Butt-in.

—Mr. C— to H-r-ld C-rn-sh.

My name is S. N. Lake,
But do not tell this wider,
For some abbreviate it S Lake
Because I do love cider.

In the midst of her cavernous mouth is a
tongue that waggeth like a dog's tail.—Er-
e-t-n Pe-k-.

Oh Flint your name's appropriate,
For you've left your old time love,

And decided your heart to dedicate
To Miss C—; all other girls above.

He's certainly a rare, old bird.—J-y
Bron-o-.

Home grown, sweet, pure pork.—L-o B-
rt-n-.

Oh! Gilbert, why will you longer roam?

—A-a Ferg-s-n.

Oh! heart be not afraid. It is only a
Fox.—Al-c- Ro-l-nd.

Call the doctor!

The yeast from the bread

Has gone to my head.—Hu-o Put-am.

Was Davison Elizabeth's wife?

—H-r-y G-rw-g.

Don't get too near her mouth,

Or you may fall down south!—A-b-e
F-wl-r.

Mr. Campbell had been fondly (?) look-
ing at Noble for a long time. Why "in the
shade of the old, apple tree" did he look
away from Noble and turn to Carrie Pitcher
when he said, "All your dreams are logical."
Such theoretical, illogical logic, etherealized
by theory and logic should be exclusively
excluded from such intellectual brilliants as
Noble because he is incapable of compre-
hensively comprehending their lofty (means
airy) meaningless meaning. Of course Car-
rie Pitcher understands them.

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

—S. L-k- & C. F-x.

He is a dreamer; let us leave him.—G-r-rd
E-e-l.

I am not gamesome.—Ern-s-i-e J-c-b-s.

I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have.

—W. Ol-v-r to I. Er-a-dt.

Rev. Mr. Matthews: (To Louis Jacob-
bus.) I am glad that you take to the Scrip-
ture.

It is very much lamented, Pendell,

That there, are no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye.

O! that you might see your shadow.

—J-ne H-gh-m.

Tell us, Semo, can you see your face ?
 Into what dangers would you lead me,
 That you would have me seek in myself
 For that which is not in me ?—P-n-ell.
 For let the gods so speed me as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

—R-th Hop-ins.

I was born free as Caesar.—W-ll-am
 Sw-et.

He was quick (?) mettle when he went
 to school.—A-th-r H-t-h-o-k.

It is meet that noble minds keep ever with
 their likes.—L-s-ie Bar-ard. J-ss-e Rob-rts.

A poor wretch—you know him well by
 sight.—J-hn H-gh-s.

ELEVEN.

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
 When the most mighty gods by tokens send
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

—H-nt Eth-i-ge.

Resolved: That Pendell's great delight
 Is to cut and dissect with all his might.
 But this point you will eke admit,
 For his rodent-hating leads to this hit;
 That on birds and insects, bees and bats,
 He's rough but yet more "Rough on Rats."

S. Lake: You can't get imaginary num-
 bers into your mind.

Miss Andrews: You can, if you have a
 vivid imagination.

S. Lake: Well I don't believe you can.

Miss Andrews: Perhaps Y-O-U can't
 but the rest of us can.

Oh wayward mortal who this book invented,
 Why wast thou not by some kind hand pre-
 vented ?

And thereby kept from many a luckless
 swain,

The direful knowledge that he lacks a brain.

—The Juniors.

Cut out the pickles and call it \$2.

—H-ry Ger-ig.

It gives people an idea!—G-o-ge Ri-ey.

The Lee Center U. F. S. (United for
 Service) Delegation.

Grover Flint, Louis Simon, Arthur Hitch-
 cock, Joseph Wallace, Carrie Pitcher.

Agents for: Cabbage, Turnips, Squash,
 Pressed Hay & Straw, Rye (30 years old.)

Wonder how Irene Ehrhardt got young
 Denio on a string ?

She tempted him with "Pratt's Food" for
 children.

Ques.—How is it that Bacon is a
 "Soph ?"

Ans.—Oh, he's grown and smoked for
 three long years.

What was the cause of "Bill" Oliver be-
 ing left in possession of a cutter the time he
 had Misses S- & R- out riding.

Merwin Rowland: "Did Virgil have
 whiskers ?"

Miss Thalman: "No, he had a goatee."

Miss Seeley: A 'Pound' is a place
 where stray animals are kept."

Pendell: Good-bye Lake.



LAST DAY EXERCISES.

The annual last day exercises of the Seniors of the Rome Free Academy were held this afternoon and were witnessed by a large number of interested spectators. These exercises have developed from a mere jollification in which noise was predominant, a few years ago, to a really interesting and successful commemoration of a four years' course of hard work in the Academy. The observance of past years have been a constant advance over its predecessors and today's was in every way the equal of those heretofore held if not better. In a number of ways the scheme was changed for the better by the class of 1906 and the spirit of mournfulness prevalent on former occasions gave way to one of joy, as is befitting this occasion.

The class of 1906 met in the Science Room at the rear of the Study Hall and marched down the three aisles of the Study Hall. In the middle aisle were the orators, William Wilson and Daniel Schilling, who were followed by four young ladies bearing the casket wherein were to be deposited the mementoes of the class. Back of the bearers were two guards, Joseph Wallace and Edward Gawkins. The other members of the class marched down the side aisles in single file, meeting in front of the platform, which the orators ascended. Mr. Wilson delivered the following pleasing welcome and oration:

Members of the Class of 1906 and Others Less Fortunate: Lend me your ears—till morning. Oh! how we long to fill your ears with the wax of knowledge. We are met to rejoice over our empty tombs, to intoxicate ourselves with the wine of gladness, and to pass around our bier [points to the casket.] We rejoice that we have come thus far; but like the onward rush of our foot ball squad we must pass on. We shake the dust from off the palms of our

feet [stamping] and hope ever to raise considerable dust, especially if a bluecoat appears. Dust being our emblem, and dusting being our avocation, especially the woman part, we feel that in dusting and being dusted that we had better dust or else get dusted, whichever the duster dost desire, with a little sawdust dusted in with the other dust.

But before being dusted by the dusty duster we will first shake the dust from our dusty eyebrows and take a dusky look at some of the dusty dust within the dusky coffin; for "Dust thou art and to dust thou dost return." We have placed here the long-to-be-forgotten relics of our distinguished class. Each member has deposited within the casket his favorite hobby.

The cheerful drapery of this elaborate coffin, as you well perceive, was reluctantly donated, after much forcible persuasion, by that never-heard-of-Ulysses of Syracuse, the god of old Roman wine, Backus. You will notice the heart-shaped hole which occurs in this gay bunting, marking how he wore it next to his heart for many days, grieving over the departure of her who had greater inducements to go elsewhere. Within the casket are carefully laid the following stupendously magnificent mementoes

Fox, that star of the first magnitude, whose light is just penetrating the dullness of our mortal minds and whom we always suspected was high above this joyful vale of tears, now throws in a copy of that old chestnut, Sweet Alice Ben Bolt. Flint, that old teacher and exemplification of the modern art of courtship, throws in his knowledge of French and German, which he now acknowledges has merely been a stepping stone to a fleeting though very pleasant acquaintance. Joe Gardner throws in his old suspenders, collar buttons and brilliant socks, flavored with a little Garlick. Gawkins leaves his Slingerland prize to endow the Hayden Chorus and to pay for the grafting of a new

appendix for Flanagan. Gerwig leaves his Sentinel Bag, in which is a copy of the Rome Sentinel dated July 32, 1908, which contained the following item:

"Baldy Gerwig, son of his father, chief carrier of the Sentinel, was today honored by his fellow-workers on the Sentinel staff with a generous collection of 15c, contributed with the purpose of buying him a hair cut. Henceforth and forever this is to be done annually."

Jim Fitzsimmons throws in his heart, which is double-back-action, four-sided, and turns inside out every five minutes. Any man possessing such a heart can experience a complete change of heart with the accompanying change of affections for any period, varying from five minutes to three days, by winding and setting the spring. It is guaranteed not to run in the same course of affections for more than one week. Bill Hughes leaves a few of his headlights to compete with genuine gas coke as a brilliant illuminant; and besides these he generously and commendably throws in the grand sum of points he won at the recent track meet. Lake surrenders all love of Pendill and all hatred of Backus. Lake begs to transmit through us his application for Chief Cook and Bottle Washer on the Celestial Water Wagon, which he hopes to mis-manage with all the celerity of his young and active brain. The application is accompanied by the following testimonial: "Most auspicious Lucifer, Stuart Nathaniel Lake, bearer of this message, has proved his capabilities along many lines, such as making himself agreeable to few and disagreeable to many; of conceiving within his roomy skull schemes, which, like that skull, consist mainly of hot air, and of showing that he can run things without their being greased. I would beg therefore to recommend him for the highest honors which you can accord him."

Signed Hackety axe.

Rowland leaves his thumb marked Virgil Pony, his highly scented pipe, his rusty socks and a small portion of his exceedingly swelled head.

Simon, that scare-crow orator of self-exalted fame, throws in his affections for a doctor's daughter, his interests in an uncommonly defaced pitcher, and his pleasant position as class treasurer. Wallace throws in his derby hat—made to fit—; all hatred of Charlie Herrman because of the Junior reception incidents; an edition of his latest popular love songs, his coy side glances toward the eastern part of the room, and a pair of his old shoes, from which nineteen Freshmen are to have footwear for a year. Dan Schilling, our most peaceful warrior, sadly leaves his stock in the "Dimple" Littlebridge near Taberg, his wornout excuses for resigning from the presidency, his world-renowned dancing abilities, his dazzling oratorical powers, several broken hairpins, a misfit Senior hat; and Oh! how tedious it would be to denounce the remainder.

Zieman leaves his hopes of Yale, his intense affection for this year's valedictorian, and his specialty on the Birds of Florence entitled, "Birds of a Feather Flock Together." Dr. Pendill, whom we leave to your sorrow, throws in a design for enlarging the present doorways of the R. F. A. in order that in the future he may be able to enter within its sacred walls. This was thought necessary for fear of his sudden expanding dimensions after another Frankfort game or Inter-Class Track Meet. He also deposits assorted sizes of warts. Honorable George Riley leaves a threadbare and misfitting fondness for Ruth Ellis—and we leave Riley.

Florence Bird bequeaths her melodious squawker. Miss Coolihan leaves a slice of her unknown brilliancy. Emily Dersey throws in a few borrowed flashes of intelligence, while Ruth Ellis, because of her abnormal size, sadly states that she has nothing

to spare. Irene Erhardt, the master-fisher, fires in a little Olive—'r something of a like worthlessness. She also donates her childishness and a new remedy for "Insufficient Mentality." Emily Hicks leaves her jealousies, her fickleness and world-dennounced "Hairdressing Methods." She also leaves a Flint(y) affection. And now I come to the sad part of our ceremonies; for how shall I fitly mention the valueless gifts left by our infant Valedictorian. To our tender care she has left her dwarfed affections, her pleasant baby-chatter, her love of honor, and her many other noticeable defects. Miss Jacobus throws in her wandering inclinations and a few of her weak and sickly sentiments. Irene Kaufman, with our help, throws in "Cupid" Wallace; also Her(r)man and some more old scrap. Winfred Lillibridge leaves a portion of her perpetually-moving mouthpiece, a few hundred Butt-in certificates, and her half interests in the Track Team Manager and a Brons' Jay. Edna Conley leaves———space. Miss Owens throws in a bundle of loose inclinations and a tired feeling. Carrie Pitcher leaves a Syracuse University Medical Student—how sad—;an egotistical conduct, and a strained affection for Simple Simon. Miss Roberts throws in a leather man (Barnard) and some other rubbish of equal value. Miss Poole and Miss Roach leave nothing worth mentioning. Minnie Smith donates a few pieces of her broken heart, while Miss Higham is unable to leave even that much. May Wilson donates her kiddish conduct, which is all she has left. Ella White throws in her much-worn green dress, a few simple actions, and other borrowed junk. Grace Wood leaves a few baby notions and some toy blocks.

(Turn to Dan.)—And now what shall we do with all this junk? Where can we find a fit resting place for the magnificent tokens of this illustrious class?

(Daniel Schilling) "Call forth the spirits of the past, the shades of 1904 and 1905, who mayhap can inform us of the fate of those past two consignments."

That's the eye, good head, Dan.

Worthy Classmates: Draw the belt of your imagination one hole tighter. We are about to step within the vale of that mysterious realm in which all is spirit. Let us invoke the presence of some spirit of the past with our most blood-curdling incantations.

Honorificabilifitudenanitatibusque

Chicamecomicopamigeewasit.

Salamander pop the weasel,

Shooting star, a painter's easel,

Incubator, Penseroso.

Flunked my Latin, how'd you know so?

Boomerang Gib'em de axe,

Come up straight from Halifax.

(Flash and loud explosions.)

Hark! See! Behold the spirit of 1905, the one with the grinny visage.

(All: Hello! you old rag!)

O Fossil, O Watchman, tell us of the past. How fares it with the shadows of 1904 and 1905?

Ghost: Lo! I am come. I have come as I have went, in the silence of the tomb. Hark! Keep silence before me; death impends to him who speaks.

I felt the irresistible power of your summoning incantation and have come through indescribable and devious vicissitudes. I was bound and held captive at the gates of hell, but I burst my bonds and fled toward earth through Chaos. I passed the dungeons of remorse, I passed the pits of pitiless despair; I saw ghastly Death, wan and disheveled, dragging down in chains of excruciating agony, his victims of the grave; I saw the souls of those who had committed the unpardonable sin, writhing helpless in the torturing grasp of diabolical fiends. I saw writhing serpents, fiendish fiends, scorching scorpions, devilish devils, slimy, snaky, crawling, creeping, monsters of the deep. I

heard the roars of thunder, the purgatorial wails of the lost, unutterable screamings, shrieks and gnashings of teeth. As the sights and sounds of hideous hell receded, I sped outward through the illimitable ether, that endless void, on the wings of light (the speaker on the platform hollers out: 186,000 miles a second.) I passed the pearly gates of Paradise, where the songs of the blessed mingled with the heavenly harmonies of rapturous music. With the same infinite speed I passed Arcturus, Orion, Pleiades, and soon approached toward Uriel, the sun. Thence, after a brief respite, I approached toward Earth and, falling like a meteor from the sky, which caused the flash of light you saw, I finally landed in yonder hallway, with a dull, sickening thud. So here I be. Is there any new beeznis?"

O thou ethereal plenipotentiary whose glistening presence doth dazzle and confound our mortal senses, how shall we deign to look upon thee and linger in thy hallowed presence, much less, speak to thee? Yet if we may, we would humbly question thee. We desire to learn the fate of the relics of the classes of 1904 and 1905. Pray, can'st thou inform and enlighten our sluggish and grovelling minds?

Ghost: "Most brilliant and scintillating assemblage of scholars, ye who are the essence of intelligence and the spice of life, hearken to my response. The fate of those past relics which you desire to know has indeed been very varied. Some relics got further than others, according to their worthlessness. Some journeyed no farther than the sun. As a came by that fiery orb a few minutes ago I beheld several, still hanging there, impaled like bugs on hatpins, softly sizzling there like toasted marshmallows in the genial warmth of radiant "old Sol." Still others, and these were the graduating essays of the class of 1904, had fallen by force of the sun's gravity, downwards upon his surface and, intercepting some of the

sun's light, have now come to be known as "sun spots." I found still others as I came through Chaos. They had been dumped into that garbage barrel of Eternity, the bottomless pit, from which their steaming odors still rise to disgustingly fill the nostrils of even the fiends of Hades. Still others hang in suspense in the midst of the illimitable void the vast vacuity of eternal space. Only one reached the gates of Hades and was there pigeon-holed, without gaining entrance, and was labeled: "For the fire sale."

Hast thou nought to say of the relics of the class of 1905?

Ghost: Wait! [The ghost goes out and brings in a casket and balloons used by class of 1905.]

These [he holds up the balloons] I picked up as I came through the air. This [he holds up the casket of 1905] I found in yonder tree tops.

O spirit how sad has been the fate of the relics of the past, that none have ever reached their appointed destination. What, then, shall we do with our magnificent relics which are far too grand and glorious to thus suffer the irony of fate? How may we bring ours to a last and fitting resting place?

Ghost: Follow me! I will point the way by which the sacred relics of your unparalleled class may reach a fitting resting place. Come! follow me!

(All pass down stairs and out in front of the school, where the ceremonies were continued.)

After the spirit of the past, in the person of Louis Simon, had invited the class and friends to follow it, it led the way to the portico on the North James street side of the building. Following the class of 1906 came the classes in rank of seniority, grouping within the portico with the Juniors in the middle opening and the Freshmen and Sophomores on either side. In front was the Senior class.

When all were assembled Mr. Schilling delivered his oration as follows:

Oration.

O thou most ghostly advocate, before these remains are consigned to oblivion, it is my direful duty to speak a parting word. These relics are the fond hopes of the class of 1906. They are our hobbies, our heart-strings. They represent the best that is in us. The worthy orator on whose words you all hung spellbound, in the upper rooms, has named the number o'er. They are not mere personalities. Truth is stranger than fiction; crushed to the earth it will rise again; fettered by dissimulation it will burst its bonds and become loosed. The words which you heard are of sternest reality, penned in cold blood, indelible as the price tag on Joe Gardner's coat. Let no one take offense. That would but thus prove the truth of yon orator's words. Alas! The greatest truth he utterly failed to disclose. Out of becoming modesty he has failed to mention himself. Lend me your ears, while I attempt to give justice to the name of Pudding Head Wilson. Whence came his silvery tongue, his flashing wit, his enlivened brain, his glancing eyes, his florid cheek, his purple nose, his trembling hand, his tottering step, his scented breath; how came all these? He is beside himself today. Some spirit of liquidity has inspired him. Has he taken an electric shock or has Janie just accepted his hand? Or what ails him? What is this? (The orator picks up a bottle.) Sellick's fermented grape juice. Now we have it. Who could not summon all the ghosts and snakes of Hades on such stuff? Lofty spirit; let this be the relic, which shall be the corner stone of our tokens, the memento of James William Wilson. Consign it with the rest. And now jeweled memorials, good-bye. Thou wilt shine in the firmament as a star of the first magnitude, thou wilt never be eclipsed, thy sun (son) like that of the

hen will never set. Journey through space, annihilate time, pass Jordan's swelling flood, escape the clutch of Hades, disdain to share the fate of 1904, and as for yonder treetop, which 1905 never got beyond, get higher than that, old relics and reach the bounds of the infinite.

Now, classmates, one long, lingering, languishing look and the spirit will do his direful deed. (Spirit disposes of the tokens.) Our ceremony now past, you ask where have we sent our relics? We have consigned them as dust to dust, ashes to ashes, molecules to molecules, atoms to atoms, to a grave in Oblivion and Chaos. Classmates, let us forever forget them. And now, Alma Mater, to thee a joyful farewell. Farewell to fond hopes, fond hours, fond ambitions. A few who used to be with us we have left behind. They are Riley, Pendill, Flanagan, Moose and Abby Fowler. These dry bones will still continue to corrode your costly seats. These musty hide-bound volumes we leave to wither on your shelves. But as for us we are already at the helm. Many times and oft has our ship been encompassed by dark storm clouds of opposition. Terrors of night and monsters of the deep have often nearly dissuaded us from our course. A gleam of light appears and we confidently sail forward to the glorious goal that shines before us. And ever as we sail, guided by wisdom and foresight, we are the light of the trackless deep. Oft would the ship that bears our Alma Mater be cast on the rocks of Oblivion had not our beacon lights warded from her impending danger and guided her into a path of safety. Before us lies the noontide splendor of achievement. When our good ship shall bring us safely to our desired haven, then shall we step forth and conquer glory, leaving our stamp upon the records of the past and creating new history for meaner people to read about. Whate'er renown we shall achieve,

To thy fair name it shall redound;
 Whatever glory we attain,
 It shall but add to thy great fame.
 Whatever night we shall illumine
 Shall add more splendors to thy noon,
 But since '06 so soon shall pass
 From whence can come such another class?

O, Juniors, to you we bequeath our old shoes. Tread lightly upon the traditions of R. F. A. Beware lest you become I-cono-clast. Preserve rather than destroy the sacred costumes which we transmit to you. We realize that you are just about to step over the border-line of your infancy, awake now and hear the birdies sing, for soon you are to be Seniors. If there is any becoming dignity of the R. F. A. where should it be found, if not among the Seniors? If they have not a pretense of dignity, then let Freshmen be the dictators. To make sure that you have a stock in hand of the afore-said quality we gladly bequeath to you a portion of our excessive superfluity. Take heart then and be leaders of the R. F. A. and imitators of none except us.

JUNIOR RESPONSE.

Harold J. Cornish, 1907.

"Friends, Faculty and Students lend me your ears.

"In behalf of the class of 1907, I wish to bid farewell to the class of 1906. The day of ease is over. During the past three years the familiar faces of our Senior classmates have been daily before our eyes. But at last the day has come when the burden of your gaze is to pass into oblivion.

"When we look into the face of our old friend, Sandy (Rowland) and think of the good time he gave us at Camden with his melodious voice, we mourn his loss. As to our honored and much respected friend, Joe Wallace, we wish him the greatest success throughout his senatorial career.

"But as life is short I will close by wishing the greatest success and happiness to the class of 1906.

"To you, less worthy Sophomores, for whom we are not accountable, now descend one step lower. Keep your ears well open lest single golden word escapes your stupid senses. You also are on a line, but unfortunately it is not a clothes line upon which we might fittingly hang you to dry. Assume the borrowed robes of juniorhood and strive to escape from the pathetic limitations of extreme kiddishness. Realize that you are no longer to cut and paste toys as in a kindergarten; that you are no longer to drink the milk of childhood but instead you are to chew the tough bark of the tree of knowledge and swallow and digest it. How sad that the stomachs of some of you are unable to retain the morsels of wisdom. But take nourishment from our abundant store and let your minds expand, but not your heads."

SOPHOMORE RESPONSE.

J. Elton Townsend, 1908.

"Mr. President and Members of the Senior Class: When our class entered the High School, although you were then Juniors, friends of the Freshmen, we did not look up to you with that respect with which we do now. There were others then above you, but now you are the highest class, Seniors about to graduate. Now you have that businesslike and dignified bearing, that sober and gentle manly aspect and that quiet and deaconish appearance. When you first entered the High School, undoubtedly you were as noisy and mischievous as the rest of us underclassmen. But the careful and well prepared training of this academy has left its mark on you as perhaps it will on us at the end of two or three years. This High School education is but a preparation in the college or business life which you intend to lead. But whether you lead a college life

or not each individual member of the class of 1908 wishes heartily that the world will treat you as you should be treated, that you will not shirk your duties but will do all within your power to promote the physical, moral and scientific uplifting of this universe and that you will not forget the High School where you received the preparation for your later life. We bid you a fond farewell."

"To the Freshmen: Children, we profoundly appreciate your absolute inability to comprehend our cosmopolitan cogitations, or in any adequate degree to assimilate any infinitesimal part of the idealistic atmosphere of this supernal celebration. So we leave you this fatherly advice:

Our great lives should e'er remind you,

You can all enlarge your powers,

And advancing leave behind you

Footprints almost as large as ours."

FRESHMAN RESPONSE.

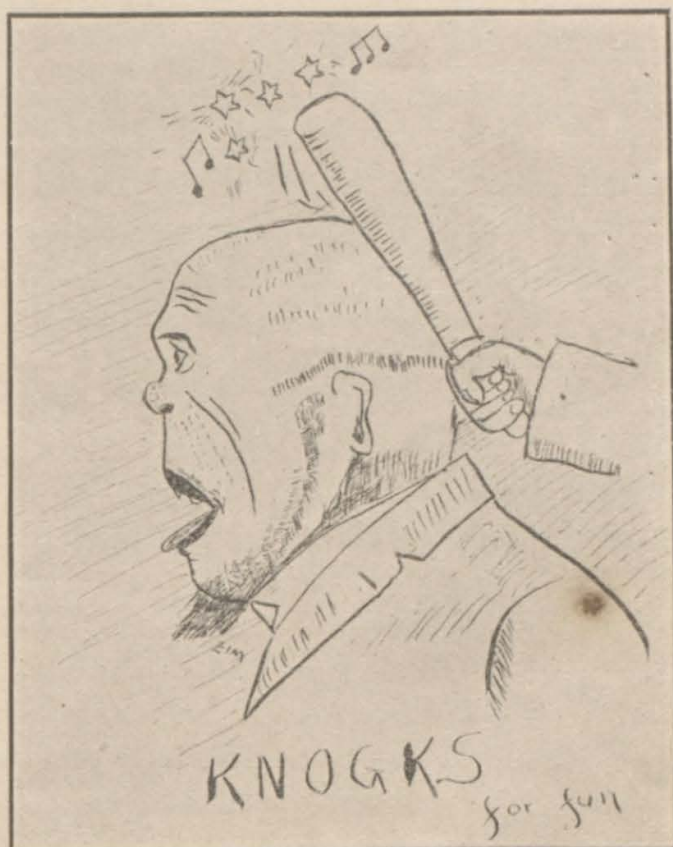
Cleteus Raffauf, 1909.

"Noble Class of 1906: Last but none the less important on that account are the words of commendation which I, in behalf of the Freshman class, speak to you this afternoon.

"We appreciate the excellent example which you have kept constantly before our eyes during the entire year and it is with a mingled feeling of sorrow and joy that we came to say, not that saddest of all words, but the joyous, hopeful parting words, 'Auf Wiedersehen.' Sorrow fills our hearts when we consider that today our connections are severed with old R. F. A., but joy on the other hand, when we consider that having completed your academic course you are launching out into the real world, well prepared, as we know, through the efforts of the zealous faculty of our dear old school. We will constantly keep in mind the pace which you have set for us, while we are striving for the goal which you have already reached; and not for a single moment will your existence grow dim in our memory and you may rest assured that departing from us, you take with you the best wishes of each and every member of the class of 1909."

Among the interesting spectators of the exercises were the eight young ladies, members of the class of 1907, Academy of the Holy Names of St. Peter's Church. They wore handsome hats of gray felt with dented crown and bands of gold and purple.





WANTED—A position as drug clerk by Harold Cornish. Recommendations. Apply at Owens's Drug Store of Eona.

Louis Simon: "I was up until half-past eleven last night."

I. Kaufmann: "So was I."

L. Simon: "I studied civics last night."

I. Kaufmann: "So did I."

L. Simon: "I caught a cold last night."

I. Kaufmann: "So did I."

L. Simon: "I've a 'feeling for you.'"

I Kaufmann: "So have I."

Remarkable similarity. How did it all happen? What will happen?

Where was Gill Hughes at Point Rock?

Echo answers where.

What was he doing?

Echo answers what.

Does he like school ma'ams?

Echo answers does.

Ask Gill.

Bill Oliver, on one of his singing tours, stopped on W. Liberty street and there sang for Miss Minnie Smith. After the singing Barnard took up a collection which con-

sisted of two pieces of pie. A dispute then arose as to who should have the larger piece. It was awarded by Mrs. Roberts to Oliver. When you visit the halls of the High School

The various people to find

Bring a microscope and an inch rule

To measure the Freshmen's mind.

And if your eyes are at all weak,

To see their diminutive size

You may have with these things to seek

To behold them with your eyes.

It seems as if the kindergarten

Had opened wide its doors

And sent Charlie and Martin

Out in their Pinafores.

But all this would be passed quietly over

Were it not for their self-conceit;

They won't even keep under cover

When a Senior is on his feet.

But I suppose we must allow it

To pass for ignorance

And quietly stand and swallow it

If we are hurt by chance.

Miss Foote, we expect to hear much

Of you in days to come;

For as M. D. you will be such

You'll make the others hum.

An unexcelled student, yet she is subject
to fits (Fitz.)—H-l-n S-u-d-v- -t.

Emily, we (Der) (sey) you are well
schooled

And yet wonder, why you like Gould.

Jim you're good at base and basket ball,

You might even play hockey,

And if you'll let the girls alone

You may become a jockey.

His virtues will plead like angels, trum-
pet-tongued, against the deep damnation of
his taking-off.—C-a-e-ce F-x.

We will proceed no further in this Busi-
ness.—Gr-v-r F-i-t.

She did command me to call timely on
her. I have almost slipped the hour.—
Si-n-y K. B-ck-s.

My young remembrance can not parallel
a fellow to it.—St-a-t L-k-.

Now good digestion wait on appetite.—
H-w-r- MacF-r-a-d.

Gentlemen, rise; her highness is not well.
—Miss Se- -ey.

A false creation, proceeding from a heat-
oppressed brain.—C-n-t-n-e L-k-.

Where are these gentlemen? Come,
bring me where they are.—E-n- O-e-s.

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.—
H. G-r-i-.

Poor bird! Thou 'dst never fear the net
nor line.—F-o-e-ce B-rd.

Give me your favour; my dull brain was
wrought with things forgotten.—J-e G-r-n-r.

What bloody man is that?—W-l-o-g-by
P-n-i-l.

My dearest coz, I pray you, school your-
self.—G-e-d-l-n E-w-r-s.

I dare not speak much further.—I-e-e
E-h-r-t.

No boasting like a fool.—W-l-i-m
H-g-es.

"Whenever difficulty meets you look it in
the face and it will sneak away." So spake

Miss Seeley. Pendill was noticed to eye
Miss Seeley.

I always feel as though I was in Holland
when I meet Miss Hopkins.

Why?

Because she is so like a windmill.

I would like to have seen that frog swal-
low the snake.—D. S-h-l-i-g.

Why wasn't Ike Gardner a good base
ball player?

Because every ball that came up he'd
(Fowler.)

In what are S. Stevens and Billy Hughes
similar?

In the color of the covering of the skin
upon their skulls.

Selden seldom sends such sweets so sin-
cerely to sweet Laura.

Plutonic friendship illustrated thrice:

(a) Edgar Fitzsimmons.

Anita Lillibridge.

Winifred Lillibridge.

Helen Sturdevant.

(b) Dr. Pendill.

Gwendolyn Edwards.

Constance Lake.

Ella White.

You're just behind the times.

The bells have lost their sweetness,

For you they always chime.

—Jessie Roberts, Minnie Smith, Irene Er-
hardt, and *others*.

Merrily, merrily, sang the Bird,

A sweet little chickadee,

Cheerily, cheerily, Florence heard,

And whispered, it is me.

Fresh apples and doughnuts. Respectively
grown and baked in Blossvale.

H-r-ey S-l-on.

C-r- F-ol-s.

So stately, grand, and very tall,

Is our true friend, John Flanagan.

The girls, they love him, one and all,

And he loves them ag'an, ag'an.

A speaker of redounded fame,

An orator of note,

And with the girls he is so tame

He can not cast a vote.

—E-w-r- G-w-i-s.

Sharp means presumptuousness when applied to John.

F., B., F., F., and others you can't ride ponies in Miss Higham's room.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

—S-u-r- L-k-.

One ear it heard, at the other out it went.—M-y W-l-on.

For Satan finds some mischief still

For idle hands to do.

—D-r-t-y E-h-i-ge.

My only books

Were woman's looks,

And folly's all they've taught me.

—F-a-k E-a-s.

Wait and Love himself will bring

The drooping flower of Knowledge changed
to fruit of Wisdom.

—To Irene Kaufman.

We sleep and sleep and sleep and sleep.

—M-n-ie S-i-h, I-e-e E-h-r-t, R-t- E-l-s,
J-s-ie R-b-rts.

The trees are full of woods.—Mr.
C-m-p-e-l.

Dictionary definition: Chapman-Pedlar.

Why is Cornish rather timid about accepting Eona's invitations?

Because he is afraid of a Strong Arm.

Get out of this pace as soon as possible.

—Miss K-r-l-nd to S-h-l-ing.

Ask Oliver what time Mr. Smith generally puts out the milk pitcher. It might be about the time that his daughter gets home, don't you think so, Bill?

What do you think of a fellow who is afraid to shoot at a flock of crows for fear the live ones will come down and peck him to death?—Cl-rk N-b-e.

All alone in Albany.—H. C. C. to
"Sid" B.

Jessie worries more or Les(s) but principally Les(s).

Two of my friends, students of the Rome Free Academy, had had a week of hard luck. On Saturday while both persons were riding on one wheel they nearly succeeded in taking their lives. Therefore on Sunday they took an older friend as a chaperone and visited the cemetery to look for a burial place suitable for two, fearing that another week of misfortunes might make them weaker or prove more fatal than the foregoing one. Usually where there is a "Will" there is a way.

A friend suggested that Miss Ellis, in order to be seen, ought to stand on a soap box at the commencement exercises. We all heartily agree in opposition to the fact that it may not be a very graceful salute.

Life, Death and Immortality—these three—the first the Road—the second the Gate. May you walk safely the first, pass triumphantly the second, and rest forever in the third.

May the hinges of our Friendship never rust.—Class of 1906 to R. F. A.

Holding hands in English Reading is most interesting.—F-tz-im-o-s and E-h-r-t.

If Joe Wallace begins his legislative career by advocating a tax on bachelors, should the effort be designated as his maiden speech?

Lake: Are you going to the Slingerland prize speaking contest?

Miss C.—:"I don't know."

Lake: Sure you are. G— F—has two tickets.

We feel generally that there is something in girls that we do not understand and that is curiously agreeable.—B-r-a-d, Ol-v-r and D-n-o.

Will you ever change your foolish, childish condition, and become virtuous, industrious and wise?—Miss C-e-b-e to S—Lake.

Hitchcock were you up or down?
When I was in prison.—Mr. H-r-is.

Who threw that doughnut at Mr. Campbell? Who dares to accuse "Sid" Backus?

Ques: Why is R. F. A. like a bird?

Ans: Because it has two wings.

Why doesn't Daniel Schilling look out for his own girls instead of worrying about Joe Wallace's and Bill Wilson's girls. We're mad and no joke, either.

Jane and Bill went up the hill

To eat a sugar wafer,

Bill fell down and broke his crown,

And Janie she fell after.

Up Bill got and home did trot

And got a mustard poultice;

And before he sees her again,

He'll have to send her a notice.

A living wonder for brain specialties.—
A-b-y F-w-er.

Miss Pruilla Prim.—G-a-e W-od.

Miss Thalman there's an Algebra class in here if you wish to come in.

Why have little girls such large tongues? Miss Creble says with a troubled look in French II class.

Is his continued silence due to brains or lack of brains.—L-s-er Gr-g-n.

Who can understand his ways.—G-o-er Fl-n-.

Hallowe'en Query:

Hast thou seen "Dan" Schilling yet?

Nay, why?

Knowest thou any harm's intended toward him?

None that I know will be,

Much that I fear may chance.

Longitude and Time: Miss Andrews: You work the examples by addition and subtraction or multiplication and division.

A-i-a L-ll-b-i-ge: That would make some difference in the result.

Mr. Harris: And remember, Juniors, there is always room at the top.

Juniors: But don't you think it will be a trifle crowded after this class graduatess? a trifle crowded after this class graduates?

Thou bloodier villain.

Than terms can give thee out.

—F-ed H-d-es.

We all know that Minnie does not Deni(o) herself all the latest fashionable shoes.

We wish Flint would return that bottle of Worcester Sauce he took from the hotel at Frankfort. Let Pendill remember to abstain from flirting while on base ball trips.

Recipe for Kisses.

To one ounce of dark piazza add a little move-on-light. Take for granted two persons, one pressed in two strong arms. Sift lightly two ounces of attraction. Add one of romance. Ruffle on one or two smiles. Dissolve half a dozen glances in silence. Dust in a small quantity of hesitation and one ounce of resistance and two of yielding. Place the kisses on a flushed cheek or on rosy lips. Flavor with a slight scream and set aside to cool. This recipe will kill or cure in any climate.—D-n-el Sch-ll-ng.

When the ticket agent offered Prof. Campbell one ticket for 4c or twelve for 48c the professor instantly said "I'll take the twelve." See Prof. for particulars.

Carrie is your name,

Single is your station,

Happy (let's hope) be the gaully (Golley) man

Who makes the alteration.

I can raise no money by vile means.—
L———

Bill Wilson (looking over some of Wallace's poetry.) Ah! Ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

With meditating that she must soon die,
We have the patience to endure her now.

—A-b-e F-wl-r.

Barnard & Roberts (in their day dreams)
—Never come division 'tween our souls!
Art thou anything? Yes?—H———
Web——.

We will not do thee so much wrong as to further mention thee.—G-a-e W-l-on.

Sleep on thou dear old Bacon.

O, how I love words, words, words,
words.—R—— Hop——.

The posture of your blows is yet unknown, but for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, and leave them honeyless.—Ab. Ort—.

A peevish schoolboy.—H-r-ld C-rn-sh.
I am exceedingly fresh.—R-th W-g-r.

(To Jennie Roch): Forever and forever, a pleasant farewell.

My sight was ever thick.—M-ry W-ls-n.

In Parthia did we take the prisoner.—Savage Thom.

Far from R. F. A. Pendill shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

It is impossible that ever Blossvale should breed thy mate. — Win-i-r-d L-ll-b-i-ge.

Look! Oh, Wonders! Flanagan meditates!

The greatest difficulties we, as Editors, have met with in compiling this stupendous tome of wisdom have been these:

Does "Dimples" L-ll-br-dge like "Jim" F-tz-im-ns, "Dolly" Sch-ll-ng, "Sporty" Ch-pm-n, "Farmer" G-wk-ns or "Deacon" Ed-ll the most?

Are there any rays of hope for the Valectorian? Shall she be compelled to play "Old Maid?" How Sad!

Is there a place on earth where we can be assured that in that place Ir-n- Ka-fm-n's affections dwell?

Is W-ll-ce wise or otherwise? Can S-m--n's nature be aroused from its perpetual lethargy and sluggishness? If so, let us know the mystic potion and we will e'en kill or cure him.

Did you ever laugh? If you wish to laugh harder imagine yourself in the middle of one of our paved streets and directly toward you these curios are bending their course: R-ff-uf, age 13, and W. L-ll-br-dge, age 19; Ab. Or-on, hight, 6 ft. 3, and H-l-n St-rd-v-nt, hight 4 ft. 12. If

these don't move you to laughter, nothing can.

A friend at the Editor's office suggested that R-th El-is stand on a soap box at the commencement exercises in order that—you know the rest. Of course we can not act upon this suggestion unless some one has an old box that is not in use. If you have one—use it for fire wood.

Yes, Howard MacFarland is able
To better his English word-diction;

"Knights, not shepherds, sat On the
Round Table"

My goodness! what a misuse of preposition.

In the French and German Room:

Nur Grover mit dem kieselharten

Herzen wollte nichts davon wissen.

Whoever told Dr. Pendill he couldn't pitch ought to be hanged.

So say we none of us.

Dewey want Owens? No!

The best vacuum on earth.—Geo. W-ls-n.

Wesley, are you a married man or a bachelor?

What a slight unmeritable man!—J-ne O-t-n.

He must be taught and trained.—D-n-el Sch-l-i-g.

Do not talk of him.—M-r-i- R——

Irene Er—(Gazing after De—) When love begins to sicken and decay, it useth an enforced ceremony.

Thy sober form doth hide subtle wrongs. When thou speakest, none else have a chance to speak.—E-n- Ow-ns.

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.—C-rr-e P-tch-r.

Wallace (Declining Irene's invitation to go to the Junior Reception): The cause is my will; I will not go.

A fair but unfortunate vision.—J-l-a By-m.

Reason to my love is liable.—H-r-y G-r-ig.

I once had a man's mind, but now a woman has it.—A-os Gr-mm.

A great circulating newspaper. An Ad in this paper will travel faster than in any other paper in the world.—R-th W-g-r.

Night hangs upon mine eyes.—Ed-th P- -le.

My heart rejoices that as yet I have found no man but he was true to me.—M-y W-ls-n.

My life has had some smatch of honor in it;—or ought to have had.—Jim B-asl-y.

According to his virtue let us use him. (Tell Backus to escape and prevent us from lynching him.)

To our friend Geisler: A man extremely tall, loose-jointed, gawky, and who has an uncomfortably large opening in his face.

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!—L-u-s Zie-a-n.

I will proclaim my name about.—M-y W-ls-n.

Dutchy, take him (Denio) to follow thee. Are yet two Romans living such as these? —G-wk-ns & Fl-nn-g-n.

His funeral shall not be in our memory.—A-os Gr-mm.

Thou art not worth keeping,
So vanish and make room.

—H-rv-y S-ld-n.

I will go first into the pulpit.—L-s-ie B-r-a-rd.

Thou art the ruins of the noblest wreck that we hope will ever meet our eyes. Go hide thyself.—W-s-ey Br-ns-n.

Get thee apart and weep.—E-h-l M-t-h-ws.

The hour which sees his death will cause utmost confusion in our national politics.—L-u-s Z-e-a-n.

Give Chapman a statue with his ancestors

Backus (philosophizing) Ay me, how weak a thing the heart of woman is. It's just awfully discouraging.

Is there on ice a voice more worthy than my own?—E-l- W-i-e.

Leo Burton (to Joe Wallace): There is no harm intended to your person.

The choice and master spirits of this age.—B-c-n & H-dg-s.

Lake (after deserting "Doc") My credit now stands on such slippery ground, that one of two bad ways you must conceit me, either a coward or a sage.

Yes children you may have your names in print. But next time don't ask, as it is not polite. Run away now and play. Did you hear me? Then go.—Fl-r-nce S-ll-ck, T-om-s Br-ght, G-or-e Barn-rd, W-rr-n No-le, Bl-nch W-od, R-th W-od.

And let two dogs beneath his window fight
He'll shut his Bible to enjoy the sight.

—G-r-rd Ed-ll.

At the end of twenty-four hours they departed friends (?) for life.—Cupid W-l-ace & Ir-ne Kauf—

A shadow of moonstruck madness.—Hunt. E-h-id-e.

I am the miserable owner of a diabolical organ called "the stomach."—L-o B-rt-n.

Where did C-rn-sh get his "Junior Punch?" Next door.

Can any marble be more frigidly formed than Fl-r-n-e W-ld-.

Why doesn't S-v-ge have his picture taken?

For fear of bankruptcy.

Can a Potter make anything out of a Bacon?

Did any one find the fellow that C-r-i-P-tch-r ought to have had at the Junior Reception? Please return him for commencement.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber; Fear not thy brain will be disturbed by thoughts for from such thou are always free.—R-ch-l P-tt-r.

If mind you have, show it and thereby release us from doubt.—J-ss-e R-b-r-s.

George Riley (thinking of Ruth E——)
O ye gods! Render me worthy of this
noble wife!

(Concerning Oliver & Geo. Wilson at
the Senior Halloween) Cowards die many
times before their death.

Fravor (whenever he goes out of town
with the ball team) I am not well.

At last we have found the missing link
which is so like ape and man that men call
him both.—C-a-k No-le.

Irene Kaufman has caused new confusion
in the male ranks. She now states that all
her hopes are in J. Bron-on.

Prof. C. was riding down Washington
Street with several young ladies. They had
reached Court Street when the Professor
suddenly pointed to the Western sky, at
which all the young ladies looked in that
direction. When they turned their gaze to
the east, they beheld a couple loose coat-tails
vanish into a Dentist's Office.

It was a balmy day. All around the
scholars were diligently studying their les-
sons. One was especially conspicuous. He
seemed to concentrate all his powers on the
book which lay open before him. Teachers
looked at him with admiring eyes, until one,
more desirous of giving praise than the rest,
stepped up to see the object of the Student's
intense search. When behold! she found
him reading: "And when with the first
gray dawn of light they shudderingly arose,
behold a few rods away they saw the horri-
bly mangled remains of their horses; and
above them in the tree, under which they
rested, they saw the gleaming eyes of a
frightful panther just preparing to spring."
For particulars ask Harlow Bacon, Secretary
of the Magazine Readers, R. F. A.

How did "Cupid" W-ll-ce look at the
Reception beside his bonnie lass, Mary W-
ls-n.

Where did Denio get the idea that he
couldn't pitch hay?

In the English Room there was a com-
mittee meeting in the midst of which Terra
was mentioned. "Bill" W-ls-n immediate-
ly enquired whether Terra was male or a
female Goddess.

Visitor: Is that girl I see yonder Miss
Vanderbilt or Miss Gould?

Student: Neither, it is only G-a-e W- -d.

A star (gazer) in the field, a son in the
house, and a moon (extinguished) among
the girls.

Gold teeth at half price.—D. R.
Camp——

Wallace and Noble are good financiers
but instead of going separately to Wagner's
Barber shop and paying 15c a piece, why
don't they go together and get two for a
quarter.

Miss Higham (to Clarence Williams):
Clarence look at your book. It is hard not
to look at Bessie, I know; she is fascinating,
surely.

It is for Cletus (Raffauf) too.

L-k- and H-dg-s ought to have scents
(sense) enough not to mix up their perfume
boxes (socks). We had to open all doors
and windows.

Why is Jim Beasley so studious?

To set a good example before Bacon and
Webster.

I want some brains.—J-hn H-gh-s.

What student is able to grasp the mean-
ing of Flint's preference of French to Eng-
lish? Let's hear from some teacher.

We would like Misses Wh-te, L-ke and
Ed-a-ds to pay better attention in English;
and, to take the quickest means to secure the
desired effect, we suggest that Dr. P-n-ill
be excused from the room.

Hicks and Fraver—forget them.

Something was handed to us for a joke.
May be there is a joke to it but we fail to
see it. Here it is: Em-ly H-c-s and
Hades.

It seems as though W-ll-ce and Gw-n- -l-n Ed-a-ds would never stop talking. Indeed things have become so bad that no one in the German room is able to think aloud to themselves while these two are present.

Carl Falk is striving to get "Dimples" (Lillibridge).

Ques: How did Cl-rk No-le happen to take refuge in the R. F. A?

Ans: Darwin's opponents were after Noble to illustrate their views.

Mr. Harris: Who can tell where Fl-r-n-e W-l-o belongs?

H. C-rn-sh: Leave that to me.

How strange it would be to hear of W. L-ll-br-dge holding her—peace.

What's the matter with Zieman?

He's all right.

Who says so?

Florence Gettbehead.

Who is Florence Gettebehead?

Zieman's future.

Long, lean, lanky, thin, slim, wiry, skinny, rubbery, stretchy, ropy Geisler.

Er thut nichts als reden.—"Sandy" R-wl-nd.

Let my coffin be made of Flint—E-i-y H-cks.

LOST—Our reason. The finder will please return it as it is not worth keeping.—Gri-n & H-dg-s.

Have patience, my gentle friends, my love is not unchangeable. Give L-s-ie a chance.—J-ss-e R-b-rts.

Pendill (reading): If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now.

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, action, nor utterance, nor the power of comprehension.—E-l W-i-e.

Say John, did you see the fat babies at the fair last fall?

No, I wouldn't pay ten cents when I can see Burton any day.

Thou sure and firm set R. F. A.

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stone basement tell of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time, Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat They (the boys who stole his cigarets) live: Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives—

Lake in basement smoking.

But I was thinking of a way

To feed oneself on batter

And so go on from day to day

Getting a little fatter.

—Isabel Howland.

Where the corn tops gently waving,

There we like to take our rest,

Thus our knowledge we are saving

To seek that which is the best.

In waving, rolling meadows,

In the pastures hillocks shadows,

There we lay our sure foundation,

On our country, on our God.

Country members of the graduating class.

Mutual Attraction — Leslie Barnard, Jessie Roberts.

Mutual Repulsion — Stuart Lake, May Wilson.

Magnetic power exercised chiefly over spectacle wearing boys.—Alice Rowland. Oh! said Anita, how I love a Schilling for to see,

Indeed! I am quite confident that Schilling does love me.

One may smile and smile and be a villain.—Amos Grimm.

Miss Edwards, we are sorry to relate to you the maxim of "better late than never"; but still "better never late."

Now you know I never was very big up and down but I was pretty big all around in the middle.—Irene Erhardt from "Sockery"

Why *did* she look at Leo Burton when she said it?

When Daniel and Gertrude (Widman) are contracted isn't there Dan Ger?

If Irene K—— would only have let us know, we would have found a school fellow for her at the Reception.

Yes, Ruth, we sympathize with you if it is really true that all you and Jane could take to the Reception was "Joe" H——.

Oh, Harry (Gerwig) dear, accept this hack

That you may take dear Jennie back.

Student: Why hello! "Gil" Hughes. What's the attraction down at Summit Park?

"Gil": Why don't you know Miss Burlison and Miss Georgia?

President of the Looking Glass.—F-ed H-dg-s.

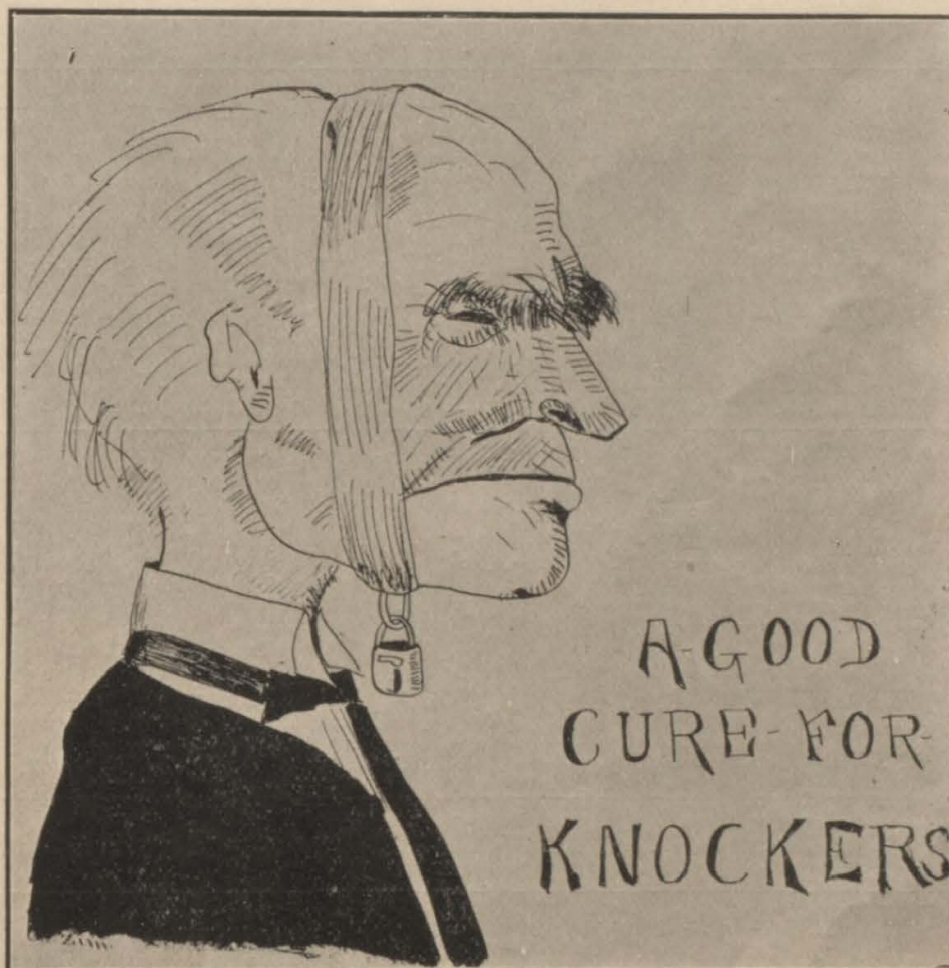
Lord of the Curling Iron.—M-rw-n R-wl-nd.

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.—Sid Backus.

Short I am, and yet quite fat,

Surely you can imagine that,
Spunk to be, and spunk have been
Surely you can guess it then.

Leo Burton.



CONCERNING THE CLASS OF 1906---WHAT IS, AND WHAT IS TO BE.

NAME	AGE	ENGAGED	DISPOSITION	PROFESSION	PET EXPRESSION
Grover C. Flint	21	Can't U C---?	Fickle.	Match-breaker.	Christopher.
Clarence L. Fox	17	No! Just looking.	Angelic.	Coiner.	By thunder.
Joseph Gardner	18	Ask Lillian.	Pious.	Heart buster.	Gol ding it.
Harry W. Gerwig	18	Never.	Not known.	Paper carrier.	Awe!
Arthur J. Hitchcock	18	How silly.	Foolish.	Missionary.	Darn it.
William J. Hughes	19	Why not?	Patriotic.	Lady killer.	Gee!
Stuart N. Lake	18	Trying hard.	Very honest.	Money-maker.	By Gad!
J. Edgar Fitzsimmons	17	Too young.	Soft.	Flirt.	Gee Whiz!
H. Daniel Schilling	18	Hopes?	Blossvalian.	Farmer.	Dimples.
Louis Oscar Simon	19	Hello! Irene.	Deceiving.	Heart specialist.	Gosh!
James W. Wilson jr.	19	Can't be.	Peculiar.	Do nothing.	Oh, Rats!
Joseph J. Wallace	20	Certainly.	Passionate.	Courter.	Scape Goat.
Louis C. Ziemann	17	Well, I should smile.	Slow to anger.	Clown.	Oh, well!
Florence E. Bird	18	Of course!	Mushy.	M. D. (Man Detester)	Land sakes.
Elsie M. Coolihan	17	Willing to be.	Scrappy.	Lady card shark.	A man! A man!
Edna Conley	17	What a condition!	Amiable.	Lady hermit.	O fiddle.
Emily M. Dersey	18	Sure Mike.	Egotistic.	Heart destroyer.	Come to me.
Ruth M. Ellis	17	Looks that way.	Fits (Fitz).	Agent for a "Sure cure for fits (Fitz)."	Torment it.
Irene E. Erhardt	17	Ha! ha! Wesley.	Soapy.	Love seeker.	Gemini!
E. Elizabeth Evans	17	How absurd.	Full of the dickens.	With "Pawnee Bill's"	Even so!
Emily J. Hicks	17	May be.	Haughty.	Wild West.	My Goodness.
Ruth Hopkins	18	How delightful it would be.	Meek.	Society belle.	Oh, Louis (Ziemann).
Jane S. Higham	19	Nit!	Terrible.	Milkmaid.	Come Boss! Come Boss!
E. Ernestine Jacobus	18	Impossible.	Snippy.	Curing Bacon.	Any man will do.
M. Irene Kaufman	20	Too old.	I've a will of my own.	Simonic.	You Know how it is.
Winifred Lillibridge	18	Not yet.	Butt-in.	General nuisance.	Let me speak!
S. Eona Owens	19	Reported.	Cornish.	Jollier.	Go away closer.
Edith Poole	18	Nobody knows.	Deliberate.	Old maid.	Let me sleep.
Jessie E. Roberts	18	Not announced.	Leathery.	Coquette.	My Gracious.
E. Minnie Smith	17	If I only could be.	Questionable.	Deaconess.	Dear (Bill).
Minnie B. Snyder	18	Going to be.	Slothful.	Match-maker.	Oh for a man!
Carrie L. Pitcher	17	Thirty-three times.	Gaully (Golley).	Actress.	Goll(e)y.
Grace J. Wood	17	Papa objects.	Childish.	"It."	Look! (at me)
Ella E. White	18	Doubtful.	Pugnacious.	Sunday school teacher.	Oh, Grief!
May A. Wilson	19	Why yes!	Private.	Deaconess.	By Gum!

GIRLS' PROPHECY — CLASS 1906.

A few years after my graduation from R. F. A. I found an opportunity to take a trip west. The train was crowded with summer tourists but I succeeded in getting a seat beside a lovely young woman. She had a meek little dog with her which she called "Murphy." We began chatting about different things, as summer travelers usually do, when in the course of our conversation, I got a good look at her face and who was it but my old friend and classmate, Irene Erhardt! She said she was going to Verona, by that time a flourishing city, to appear in a breach of promise suit against a man named Wesley Brown. I should have said Wesley Bro(w)nson. She also told me that her little friend Ruth Ellis was engaged in kindergarten work, in pointing out to the little ones the straight and narrow path; also in teaching them, especially the girls, how to remain short and sweet as she was.

There were two other old friends of Irene's to be accounted for. Minnie Smith was then in Buffalo acting as agent for the "Walkover Shoe" manufactured only by the great shoe king, H. E. Denio of Rome. Jessie Roberts had turned farmer's wife and was sole mistress of a Barn(y)ard in the fertile valley of the Mohawk. Just then the conductor opened the car door and shouted out, "Verona! Ten minutes for refreshments!" And so my old classmate had to leave me.

I was now passing through some very beautiful country and resolved that I would get off at the next station and spend a few hours strolling through the country. I had dinner at the one hotel of the town. This was managed by a sedate young woman in whose features I recognized Ernestine Jacobus. It is needless to say that Ernestine served Bacon at each meal. After dinner I went out walking and, imagine my utter amazement at meeting May Wilson. She

was, as of yore, seated beside a little babbling Brook(s). We had a little chat and I learned that Ella White was Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York and that the musical public was going wild over her beautiful voice. I learned also that Irene Kaufman was in Miss White's company and that Emily Hicks was press agent for the noted singers.

I then visited the town school and there found another member of the class 1906, R. F. A. Miss Winifred Lillibridge was in charge and was ardently discoursing on the value of track athletics in developing the body. Her talks on this subject Seldom failed to impress her hearers. Winifred told me that a few years before she had attended the commencement exercises of one of the large eastern colleges. What was her surprise and delight when the president arose and announced the valedictorian of the class, Miss Ruth Hopkins. Miss Hopkins had then gone abroad to complete her education. That western trip was certainly one of pleasant surprises for me.

While walking along the road I came to a grand old building and inquired of the gateman what it was. He said it was an Old Maids' Seminary kept by Edna Conley, Grace Wood and Edith Poole. I was pleased to think that my classmates were doing such fine work.

I then took a train direct for Chicago. Here I unfortunately was knocked down by an automobile and as I was a stranger was taken to the hospital. My ankle was wrenched and I had to stay in bed a few days. But to make up for my misfortune I had as an attendant a very sweet-faced nurse, and that sweet face seemed strangely familiar. It wasn't long before I recognized my old classmate Carrie Pitcher. You may suppose I spent a very delightful few days in that hospital. One morning I happened to glance over the "Want" column of

the morning paper and one ad. in particular caught my eye. It read thus: "WANTED—A Man. Apply to Elsie Coolihan, Rome, N. Y." So, my old classmate was still looking for a man, even as far as Chicago.

My nurse told me that her friend Emily Dersey was writing articles for a popular magazine on "How to take life easy." She also told me that our old classmate Eona Owens had been to visit her a few days before with samples of Owens's Fragrant Cream. Eona was agent for her papa.

As my injury was entirely healed I left the hospital and proceeded at once to the railroad station. The time which I intended to spend traveling had been spent in the hospital. I passed a building in front of which was hung a large sign. On it were these words: "Dancing Academy. All the latest dances taught at popular prices. Florence Bird." Here was another of my classmates turning her talent to good account.

I then left Chicago. At Buffalo a businesslike young woman boarded the train and came down the aisle looking for a seat. To my surprise it was my honorable classmate Minnie Snyder. She was traveling agent for a new patent medicine guaranteed to make any one smile.

Arrived in Rome the next morning. On every telegraph pole I came to were hung flaming posters which read, "Illustrated Lectures on the Advantages of Single Life. Misses Jennie Roche and Florence Sweeney, Lecturers."

The next day I visited R. F. A. I found that a department in Welsh had been established with Elizabeth Evans as instructor. I went into the familiar Latin room and did indeed find Miss Higham there. But it was not our beloved teacher. It was our popular classmate and vice-president. She told me that she was then undecided whether to keep on teaching or to accept Billy Wilson's urgent proposals.

And so, in one short trip I had either met or heard of all my classmates and found that all were doing honor to themselves.

BOYS' PROPHECY.

After graduating from the Rome Free Academy I was at a loss to know just what to do to occupy my wearisome life. The hours weighed heavily upon me and I was casting about from one pastime to another when a friend suggested that I become a missionary. The idea struck me favorably and accordingly I started for China. At first the experience was novel and interesting but after a time I grew homesick and longed for just one familiar face. My thoughts drifted back to my High School days with their many pleasures and acquaintances. This meditation was interrupted by the entrance of a Chinese juggler, who had the power of revealing a person's future upon the mere mention of the name. Therefore I gave him the names of my old classmates that I might learn of their whereabouts.

The first name on the list was that of our worthy president, Daniel Schilling. The juggler had scarcely read the name when he threw himself back in his chair and said somewhat slowly: "I can see distinctly your worthy president standing on a street corner wildly gesticulating and highly recommending a new discovery for producing great oratorical talent. I see also another person with him who gives a strong testimony of the benefits derived from this." I immediately concluded that it was no other than my honorable classmate Mr. Gawkins.

"Here I find a young man lying in a very critical condition upon a cot in a sanitarium. He is undergoing an operation which specialists claim will completely straighten his extremely round shoulders. Many learned physicians have been consulted and it has been ascertained that the cause of this trou-

ble is due to the incessant posture—namely, that of stooping over one of the shortest members of the class of 1906 while holding hourly conversation.” My memory seemed to leave me for that moment but the juggler immediately informed me that the young man was Edgar Fitzsimmons.

“After leaving school Mr. Wilson joined the Salvation Army and became captain. His love for nature caused him to wear a buttonhole bouquet to one of the meetings and as this was contrary to the rules of the Army he was suspended. He was so much grieved over this that your worthy vice president was the only one who had succeeded in consoling him.

“Your friend Mr. Rowland, lover of the flute for some time showed his talent in an opera. But he found that this was such a strain upon his nerves that he left his position. He now, as in his youth, spends most of his time testing various verandas, often on Grabme street.”

But I must go on. Mr. Flint I see in France and Germany, looking for a maiden to correspond to the ideal conceived in his High School study of Modern Languages. And Mr. Gardner, too, is leading a rather unsettled life. But instead of searching for an ideal companion he spends his time and energy looking for that yellow mineral called gold.

These things did not surprise me very much. But when he spoke of the growth and population of my native city, Rome, I was scarcely less surprised than pleased.

These were his words: “So great has been the increase in size and population that it has been necessary to build a subway there. The person who has undertaken this work is no other than the honorable Harry Gerwig, civil engineer. His associate in this work is another of your old classmates. He too has been of great aid in introducing some very modern improvements in the city by his service as electrician. You have

probably guessed that the person of whom I am speaking is A. J. Hitchcock.

“Mr. Wallace, who no doubt used to be while in your class, a walking encyclopedia, with some difficulty succeeded in being admitted to the bar. But being unable to win any cases he became discouraged. Then it was that he joined a circus troupe as the fat lady where he still remains.”

When the juggler read the name of William Hughes, my mind immediately went back to the athletics of R.F.A. “He” said the juggler, “has developed into a long distance runner. And such a swift runner. He very seldom runs a race with anything but an automobile at full speed and is always sure to win.

“Stuart Lake,” continued he, “still keeps his old love for amusement. He is now conducting a dancing academy as a successor to Seegar.”

I was very much pleased when he said that Louis Zieman had developed into an N. Y. broker and multi-millionaire.

Mr. Fox, he informed me, became greatly interested in an article in magazines advertising a way to become tall. Following the instructions he grew to a height of 9 ft. 10 in. He was so much pleased in this great change that he rented the front parlor of the residence number 416 North Washington street for the purpose of recommending this wonderful height producer. Unfortunately he was able to interest but few people and was generally left alone, entertained only by one of the members of the family.”

“I see that your friend, Mr. Simon, has been so fortunate as to marry his old schoolmate, Florence Jones. His wife following in the footsteps of her father is practicing medicine and has many patients. However I think that Louis has an equal amount of patience since he generally remains at home and takes care of the children.”

The juggler read the last name, that of Mr. Backus with a sigh of relief. He told me that Sidney had become a great inventor and had discovered a method by which he would have everlasting youth. With this last revelation regarding my notorious friends, he departed as mysteriously as he came leaving me in a happier frame of mind than when he found me.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Friends, Students and Faculty: We, the class of 1906 bid you all a cordial welcome to our class-day exercises. We appreciate your presence here this evening for we know that your presence means interest and it is your interest in us that has helped us to reach the goal which we have attained through four years of work and study. They have been the happiest years of our life. Many are the ties which unite us to both students and faculty. These shall be dearly cherished, for though time and space may separate us, the tender associations which bind us to you shall never be severed.

Whatever success we may achieve in the future shall be but rightfully ascribed to the tender guidance and careful training of our most beloved and respected faculty.

During the past four years such enthusiasm has been manifested in our spirited class-meetings that we could do nothing else but on this night, present to you a slight glimpse of one of our animated meetings.

So once again kind friends we bid you all a most cordial welcome.

H. DANIEL SCHILLING.

CLASS POEM.

St. Peter stood guard at the Golden Gate,
With solemn mien and air sedate;
When up to the top of the Golden Stair
A crowd of students, ascending there
To apply for admission, came and stood
Before St. Peter so great and good,
In hopes the city of peace to win,
And asked St. Peter to let them in.

Some were short, while others were tall,
Some were large, and others were small.
They crowded up, did this student bunch,
In hopes to enter in time for lunch.
When the last had arrived with heavy tread,
St. Peter looked them over, and said,
"I can hardly tell they're in such a mix
But I think this is R. F. A. 1906.

There is little Joe Wallace, with his big
head,
And Emily Hicks, who should have long
been dead;
Also, Puddin' Head Wilson, and little
Jane,
Who have wandered together thro' life's
long lane;
And Flint who I'll bet a cooky will say,
'Has any French teacher passed this
way?'

And there's Ruth Hopkins, of certificate
fame,
Who as a female lawyer made quite a
name.
I wonder who that one is behind,
Whose genial face looks so good and
kind."

While St. Peter was rambling on in this way,
Schilling stepped forward to have his say,
As the choirs in the distance the echoes woke,
The class kept still while their President
spoke.

"O, thou who guardest the gate," said he,
 "R. F. A. '06 beseeches thee
 To let them enter the heavenly land
 And play their harps with the angel band.
 Of us, St. Peter, there is no doubt
 There's nothing from Heaven to bar us
 out;
 We've been to class meetings 5 times a week,
 And always each one would rise and
 speak.

We've told each other about this day,
 When we'd repent of our evil way.
 We've told our classmates, one and all,
 To have a sleighride or give a ball;
 We've shown each other what to do
 If we cared to pass in with the chosen
 few;
 We've made our path of duty clear;
 Laid out the plan of our whole career.

We've talked to each other loud and long,
 For our lungs are good and our voices
 strong.
 So, good St. Peter, see you must,
 That the Gate of Heaven is open for us.
 But that one behind, I regret to say,
 Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way.
 He smokes, he swears, grave faults he's got,
 And I don't know whether he'll pass or
 not.

But, oh, St. Peter, we love him so,
 To the pleasures of heaven please let him
 go.
 We've done enough, for saints we've been;
 Won't that atone? Can't you let him
 in?
 By my grim gospel I know 'tis so
 That the unrepentant must fry below;
 But isn't there some way you can see
 That he may enter, who's dear to me?

'Tis a narrow gospel by which we pray,
 But the chosen expect to find some way
 Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you,
 So that their classmates dear may amble
 through."
 Then Irene Kaufman stepped forward to
 say,
 In her disagreeable critical way;
 "Do you know, St. Peter, it seems to me
 This gate isn't kept as it ought to be;
 You ought to stand by the gateway there,
 And not sit down in that easy chair;
 And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
 But I don't like the way your whiskers
 are trimmed,
 They're cut too wide with an outward toss,
 They look better narrow, cut straight
 across.
 Well, we must be going, our crowns to win,
 So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."

St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff,
 But, in spite of his office, he had to
 laugh;
 Then said, with a fiery gleam in his eye:
 "Who's tending this gateway, you or I?"
 And then he rose in his stature tall,
 And pressed a button upon the wall;
 And said to the imp who answered the bell:
 "Escort these students around to hell."

The man behind stood still as stone,
 Stood sadly, gloomily there alone,
 A lifelong, settled idea he had
 That the class was good and he was bad;
 He thought if the bunch went down below
 That he would certainly have to go,
 And if they went to the regions dim
 There wasn't a ghost of a chance for him.

Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
 To follow wherever his classmates went.
 St. Peter, standing on duty there,
 Observing that the top of his head was
 bare,
 Called to the gentleman, and said,
 "How long by that crowd have you been
 led?"
 "Four long years," (with a weary sigh)
 And then he thoughtfully added,
 "Why?"

St. Peter was silent, with head bent down;
 He raised his hat and scratched his crown;
 Then seeming a different thought to take,
 Slowly, as if to himself, he spake:
 "Four long years with those students there?
 No wonder the man hasn't any hair!
 Swearing is wicked, smoking not good,
 He smoked and he swore,
 I should think he would!
 Four years with that babel of tongues so
 sharp,

Ho, angel Gabriel, give him a harp,
 A jewelled harp with golden strings,
 Good Sir, pass in where the angels sing."
 It isn't hardly the thing to do
 To torment him on earth and hereafter
 too.

They gave him a harp with golden strings,
 A glittering robe, and a pair of wings,
 And he said, as he entered the realms of day,
 "Well this beats R. F. A. anyway."
 And so the scripture has come to pass
 That the last shall be first,
 And the first shall be last.
 Now, one more remark I have to make,
 The man who passed in was Stuart Lake.

CLASS OF 1906.

President.....Henry Daniel Schilling
 Vice President.....Jane Stevens Higham
 Secretary.....Mary Irene Kaufman
 Treasurer.....Louis¹ Oscar Simon

CLASS MOTTO.

συ^ς μὲν τις δοέυ θηξασθω

συ^ς δ' ἀσπίδα θέσθω

Class Flower.....Claret colored carnation

Class Colors.....Claret and White

CLASS YELL.

Vincumir vix, Vincumir vix,

R. F. A., R. F. A., 1906.

CLASS SONG.

*Fare thee well, dear Alma Mater
 1906 bids thee farewell;
 We from thee must soon be parted,
 To return to thee no more.
 But ne'er shall we forget thee,
 Beloved R. F. A.*

*Though farewell we now must bid thee,
 And from thy halls depart,
 Yet our hearts are cheered and brightened
 With memories sweet of thee.
 Our thoughts shall ever turn to thee,
 Our own dear R. F. A.*

*When in after years life's striving
 Shall change our joy to pain,
 Love and friends of Alma Mater,
 Our treasure shall remain.
 And ne'er shall we forget thee,
 Beloved R. F. A.*

Chorus:

*Farewell, dear R. F. A.,
 Dear Alma Mater fare thee well,
 Farewell, dear R. F. A.*

CLASS DAY.

Tuesday Evening, June 19, 1906.

ORCHESTRA.

PART I.

President's Address. Henry Daniel Schilling

Meeting called to Order.

1. Roll Call.

2. Minutes of Last Meeting,
M. Irene Kaufman.

3. Reports of Committees.

Committee on Research, Joseph J. Wallace

Committee on Publication,
James William Wilson, Jr.

Committee on Ways and Means,
Louis Oscar Simon.

Committee on Social Functions,
Stuart N. Lake, Jessie E. Roberts.

4. Unfinished Business.

5. New Business.

6. Adjournment.

CLASS SONG.

PART II.

1. Inter-Planetary Convocation.

2. Reception at Central University of
Saturn.

3. Delegations from Mercury, Mars,
Jupiter, Neptune, Uranus, and
Venus.

4. Unexpected Arrival of Noted Sci-
entist from Earth.

5. Discussion of Question.

7. Convocation Adjourned.

THE SENIOR ANNUAL.
COMMENCEMENT.

Thursday Evening, June 21, 1906.

Invocation.

Salutatory.

Essay—Work in Play,

Second Academic Honor.

Ruth Margery Ellis.

Essay—The Growth of Mechanical Work,

Fourth Academic Honor.

Emily Dersey.

Recitation—The Rescue of Lygia,

Sixth Academic Honor.

Essay Honor.

Emily Julia Hicks.

Orchestra.

Essay—How Nature Works,

Third Academic Honor.

Carrie Lena Pitcher.

Declamation—The Rough Riders,

Fifth Academic Honor.

Oratorical Honor.

James William Wilson, Jr.

Valedictory.

Essay—The Last Works of a Few Noted
Writers,

First Academic Honor.

Ruth Hopkins.

Orchestra.

Announcement of Special Honors.

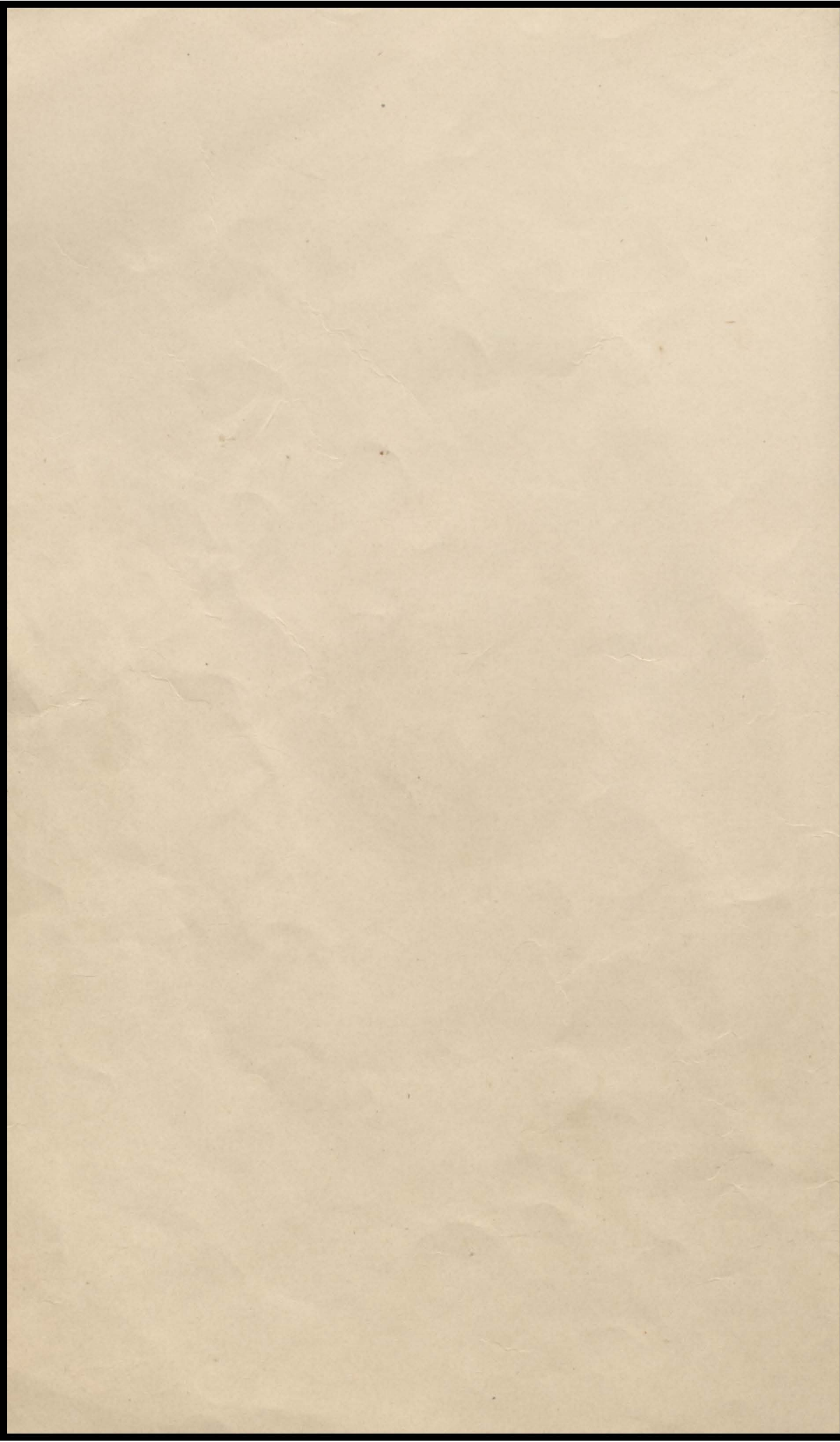
Awarding of Davis Essay Prize.

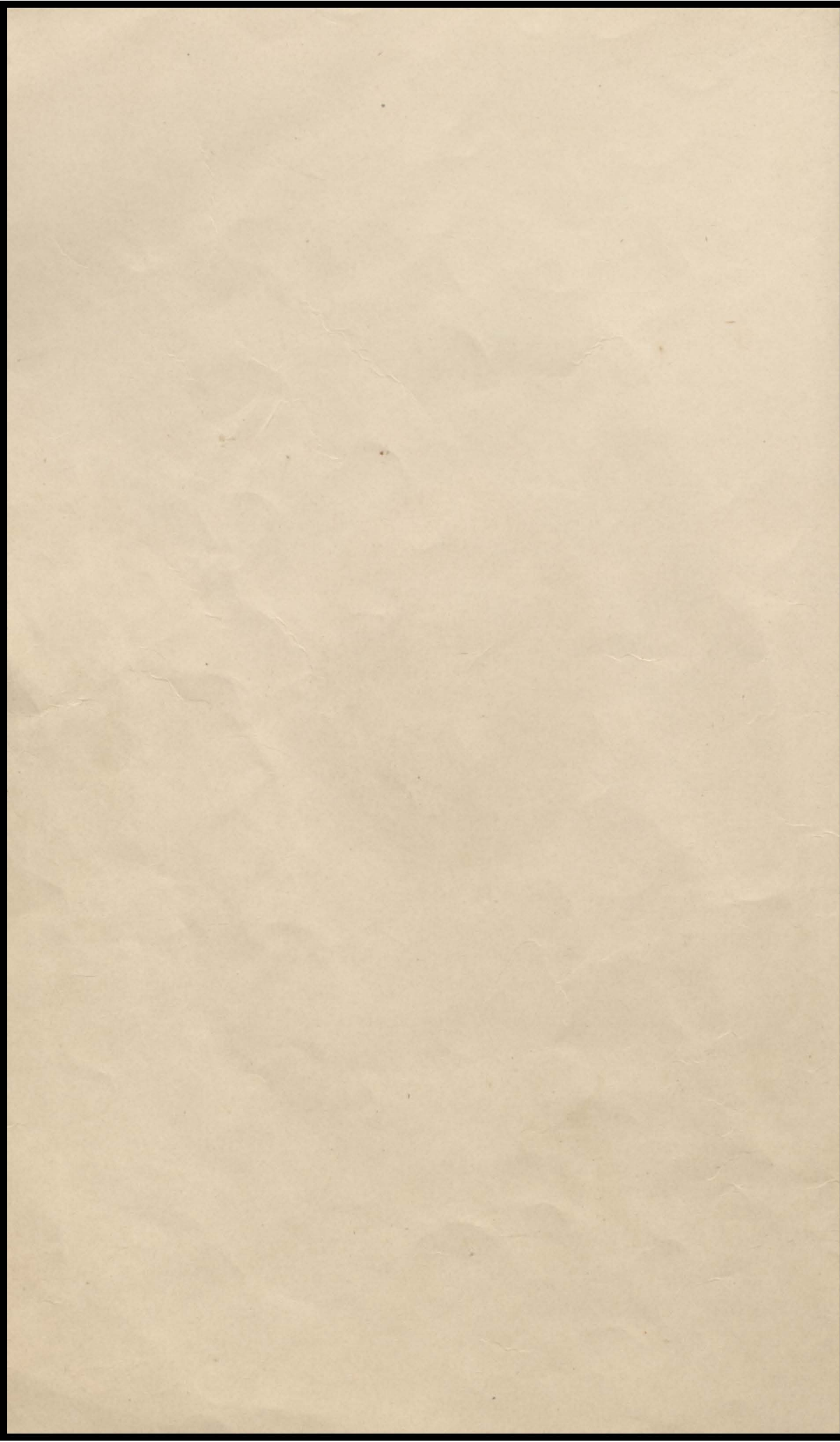
Presentation of Diplomas by S. H. Beach,
President of the Board of Education.

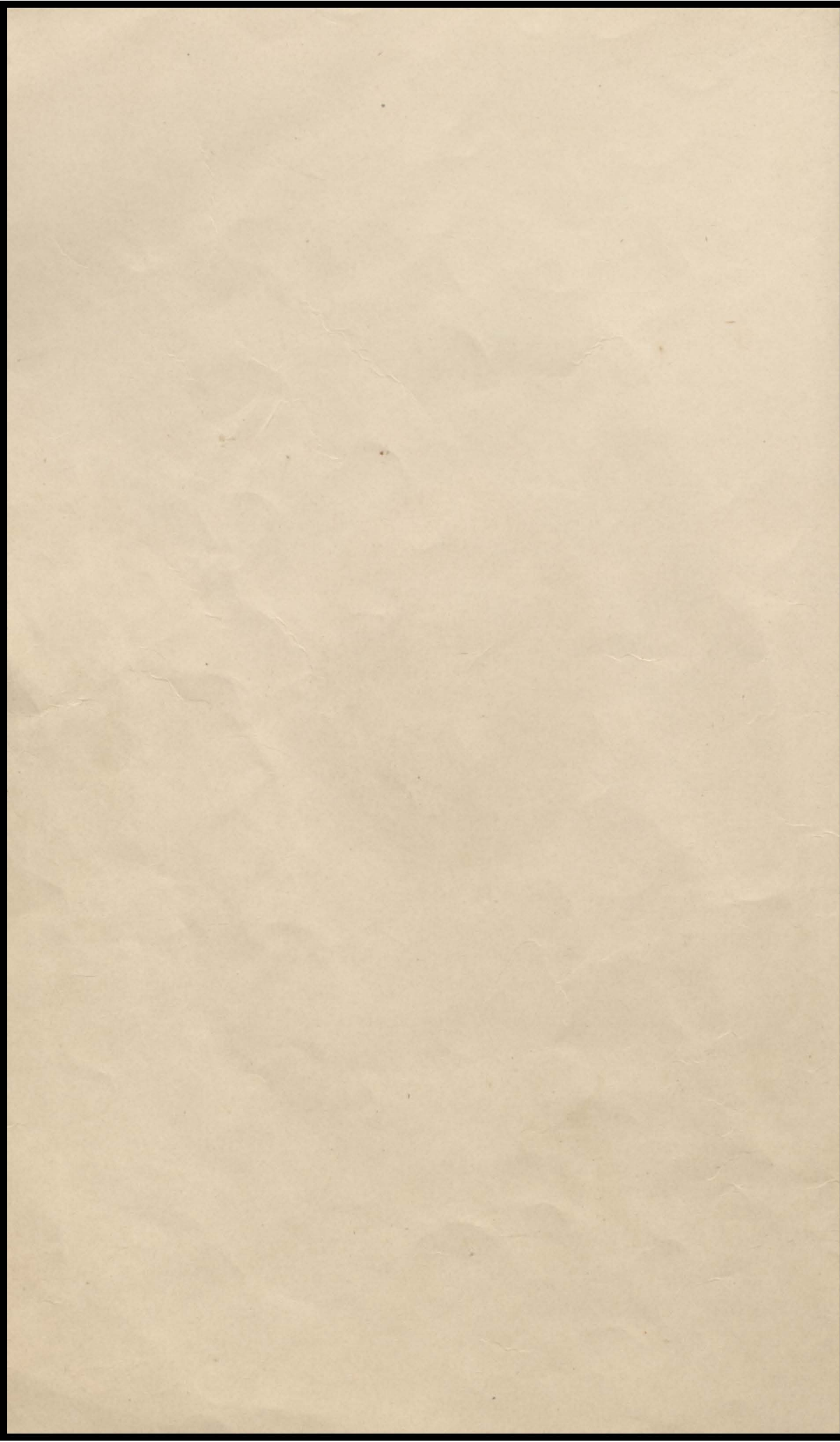
Benediction.

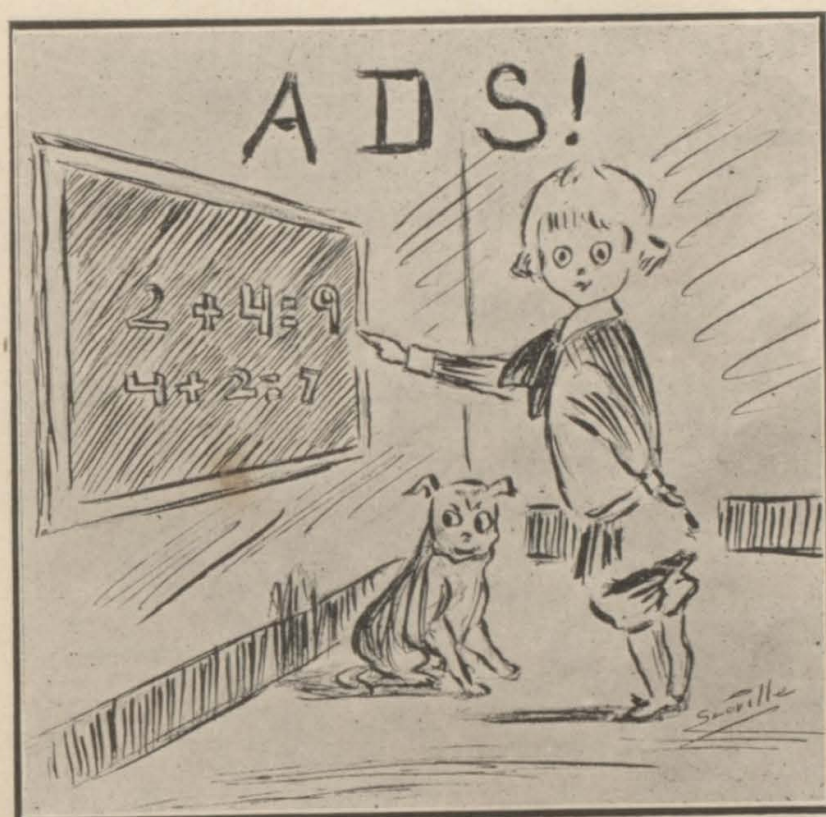
Last Farewell.

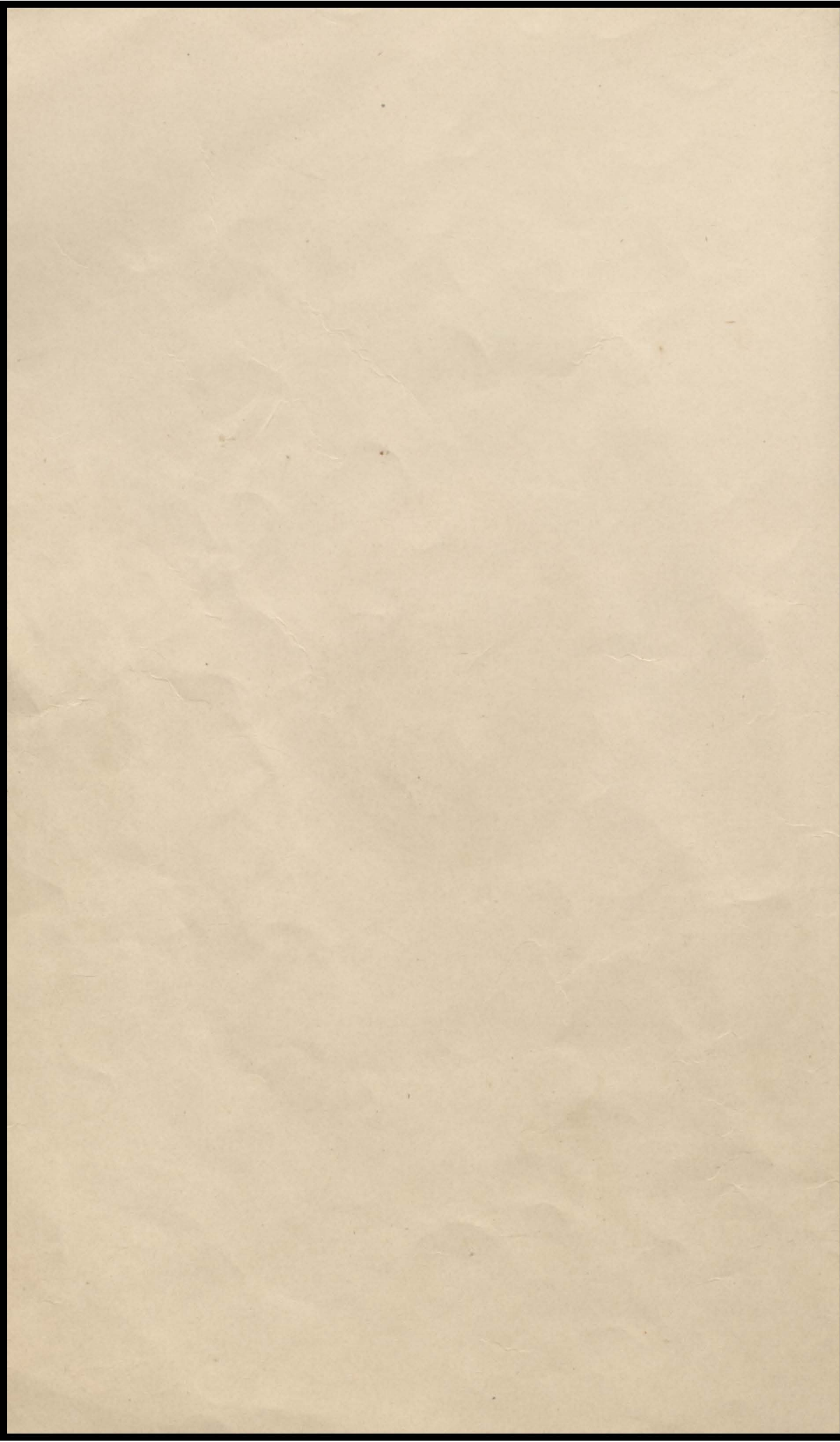
Go forth thou little volume
We leave thee to thy fate;
To love and friendship truly
Thy leaves we dedicate.



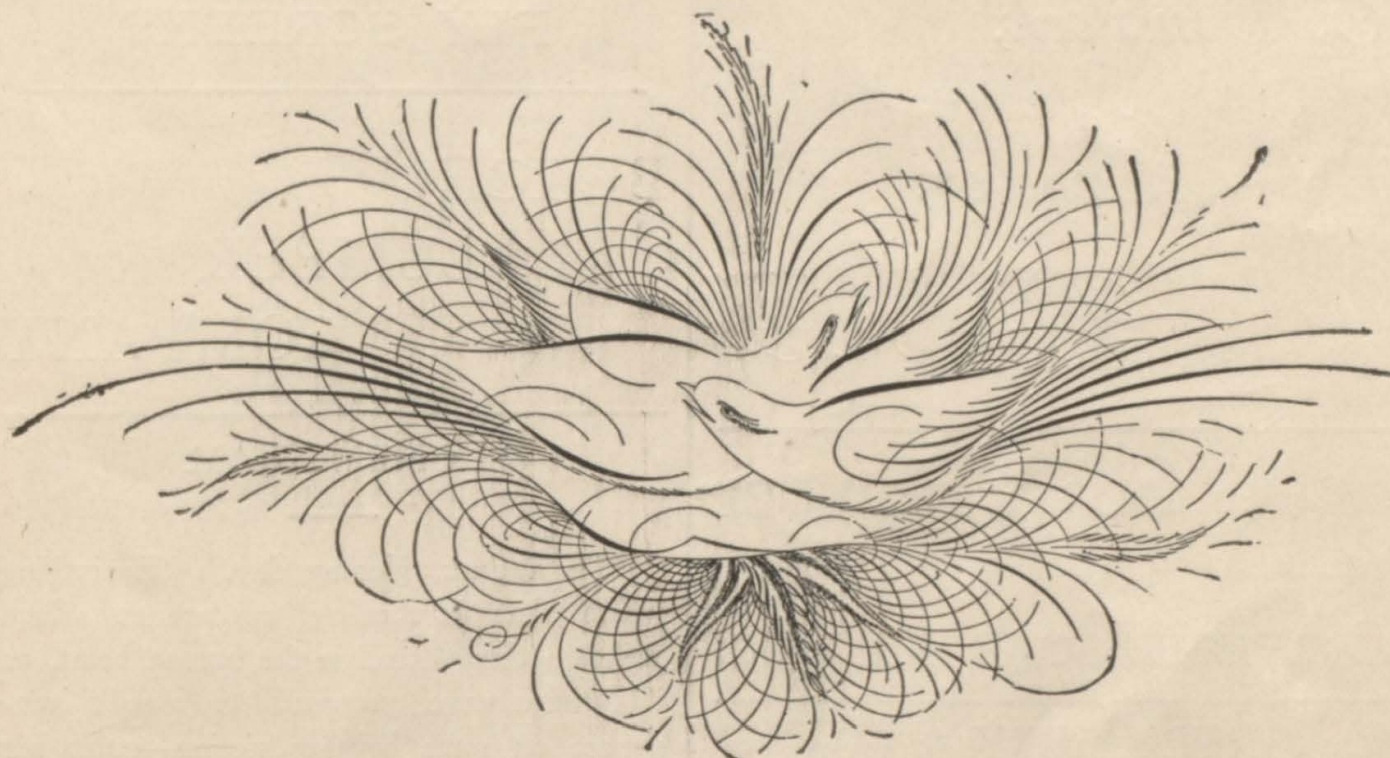








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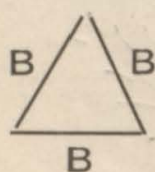
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Within that huge structure, yonder, a terrible scene is soon to be enacted, but, as yet, all is as still as the grave. The deep and awful silence that prevails intensifies the oppressive sultriness of the afternoon. Off to the west, there, huge thunder clouds are banked up in ominous warning of the fierce storm that will soon break. Secure in the knowledge that we are quite indistinguishable in the shadowy haze that precedes the angry storm burst, stealthily we make our way through the Egyptian-like darkness in-

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to the massive building, there to witness, unmolested, the rumored violent deed in its overt action.

But hark! What almost silent footsteps are those that are rapidly approaching, descending the nearby stairway with a precipitate haste that betokens subtle evil though the day is not yet spent. Ever nearer and nearer move the footsteps of Fate; see! is that shadow the outline of something mortal or is it but the imaginative picture of our excited brains. Why can I not throw off this robe of Depression and meet my trial like a man? Mad excitement takes possession of our fevered brains and Death seems to thicken the air with a heavy, leaden growth of evil. And now a voice like lightning for speed, thunders his imperative command at my ears' gate: "Away! Away! Stay not for Fate to overtake you." Like a thunder bolt shot from Jove's bow, we hurl ourselves down the neighboring stairway and

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crouch low amid the thick gloom that swallows up the light of day.

Hark! Horrors! Again that patter, patter, patter of footsteps as if peaceful rain-drops gently kissed some friendly leaves of Nature's foliage. In mortal anguish we bow down to the earth, while ever nearer and nearer sound those death-like footsteps.

Convulsively I clutch my comrade's arm. Look! Look! Just above us, on the broad spacious landing is a horrible shape, looming up in the gloom like a giant of evil. Is it real or is it but the renewing of our terror's spectacle? In the nearly midnight gloom it seems faintly discernible—is it earthly or is it but a visionary delusion of our mad brains? Ah! Methinks it is the weakness of my mind's eye that shapes the monstrous apparition. Nay! Nay! Look! See! It moves! It moves! Stealthily, with panther-like advances, it comes upon us; its

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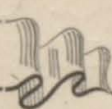
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visage, now profiled is marred and furrowed by the distortioning power of intense hatred and studied revenge.

With a bound we leap from the approach of the fearful reality. In our mad haste we collide with a huge air-column and emit heartrending shrieks of silence, for the horrible monster is now close upon us. In an instant, like a shot from a cannon, we are up and away; but flight is vain. Darker and darker grows the way and ever closer and closer presses that grave-like specter. Now his hot breath of revenge threatens to scorch our timidity and fear. Now he clutches at us but—thank Heaven—he misses us though by no more than a hair's breadth. Oh! Is there no deliverance from this horrible, blood-loving, incarnate monster?

Our strength is now failing, the race must soon end. But gathering up our nearly spent energies, we make one short, despairing spurt and sink helpless to the earth. With

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a shudder we look back and oh, how fear-
ful is the monster! Clothed in black and
scarlet, it seems he well portrays his present
apparent mission. Emblem of Blood and
Death he is, for see! in his right hand is a
white glittering object—silver and steel—
a loaded revolver! In his left hand is a long
murderous shaft—a glimmering, shining
steel blade—a dagger! How the ardent
heat of his white hot revenge illumines his
coarse, sin-seared features and repels the
surrounding darkness! Verily, like an evil
spirit from the fiery, infernal pit he doth ap-
pear. Shrouded in garments betokening
death and blood, his nature aglow with the
possibility of satisfied revenge, far above us
he towers, seemingly bent on our destruc-
tion. His right hand is uplifted and we look
along the barrel of the fell instrument of
death, which he coolly points at us, exultant
that his former pent-up hatred has now free
scope. The horrible grin of revenge that sits

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deep-seated on his brow, the eyes that blaze with maddening light, the now uplifted left hand, in which is clutched the murderer's treacherous tool, all these but symbolize a surging ocean of inner hatred and revenge that must inevitably burst forth into a flaming tongue of fiery wrath.

At this moment a thunder clap so loud, so mighty, that the very foundations tremble, adds to the terror of the hour and augments the foulness of the monster's imminent deed. Truly, the day seems a fit companion of the intended deed. In such an hour of horror, when Nature appears to laugh at man's power and take delight in racking his body with awful inward torture, the anguished mind loses itself in mad chases of fancy, and every second seems an age, lived twice and twice again.

But 'tis now or never. One moment more and we are of the other world. With a last desperate effort, one supreme strug-





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gle with nature's confusion, and then through a thick guttural utterance, I manage to gasp out, "Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!" Ah! How that feeble cry pleases the fiend incarnate. How his countenance flames with pleasure as he hears us in our weakness cry out "Mercy." A gleam of satiate satisfaction shoots from his piercing eyes; and that gleam of carnal delight arouses the very fibers of my nature. With a glance as sharp and keen as his, I boldly eye the monster and cry out in full voice: "Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, that thou makest my blood cold and my hair to stare? Speak, what art thou?"

Silence is my only answer. He savagely awes me into subjection and, helpless, I sink beside my already collapsed companion. The strain has been too great, my mind begins again to wander, a thick mist rolls before my eyes, and in another moment my spirits are roving the fantastical fields of

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Dreamland. Oh, the wretched woe and misery that my fancy fashions! What horrible shapes loom up on the horizon of my fevered imagination! Everywhere death has spread his gruesome robes and covers the firmament with gloom and despair. But see! There yonder a livid flame illumines the otherwise prevailing darkness and a lake is visible, hugely rolling its yellow turbulent sea of destruction mountain high, surrounded by a white coffin-shaped shore, circular, yet having an end which burneth with a red heat. Upon the tossing waters that everywhere unite to engulf any luckless mortal in hidden whirlpools of slow death, are thrown, from time to time, sacrifices to appease the anger of the gods of Hades. And he who rules the lake is Pluto, and he it is whom the Lake serves in simple adoration.

And as I dream, Reason enters and explains away the mystery. The Lake I beheld is Stuart, now visible but soon to pleas-

antly sink into oblivion. And the interpretation of the yellow sea which a white coffin-shaped shore enclosed, circular yet having a burning end, is this: The sea of destruction is tobacco, the white circular shore is the cigarette-paper which surrounds the tobacco; and the red heat is the lighted end thereof.

And now my dream, true or false, doth suddenly end; for with a jar to my mentality I awake, only to find myself alone in a dark damp cell. Slowly and painfully my senses return to their wonted state and I remember but vaguely how I came to my present position.

Dejection and mortification can not console my sorrowing humor for upon my wrists and ankles are shackles of detected stealing, so heavy as to deeply impress my absolute nonentity. About my neck is a huge circle of self-restraint, so potent as to prevent any movement whatsoever, and to

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assure unknown security. And in my helpless condition I thus question with myself: "Has some foul deed of mine caused this, my woe? Who is my present captor? Is this all real or am I still wrapt in fantasy and these, my surroundings, the horrid shapes of the roaming infirmities of an overwrought brain? How long have I been thus imprisoned, and am I the subject of some foul fiend who intends here to inflict dire torture upon me for some unknown wrong or offense I may have unwittingly committed against him? Where is Justice that she raises not her potent arm to interpose protection for the innocent; for am I not innocent, or am I justly confined? Oh, horrors! how my inner part shrinks from the thought of guilt. So if I am guilty how shall I shrink away from self or flee from the everpresent sense of remorse which all guilt should cause?"

But my reverie is abruptly broken off by a low, grating sound and lo! a dim light

falls upon my sight. An indistinct form enters the cell and carefully locks the massy door behind him. But as he draws nigh, even in the evening-like twilight I recognize that it is not that monstrous spectre from whom I late did flee. And now from out the four dark corners of my prison cell, as many dusky, silent forms pass to the center of the room and there hold secret council. Assured that my fate is in the scales of their judgment, terror again takes possession of me, for such portentous signs as I now behold are not without their meaning. Involuntarily a groan escapes my quivering lips and one of the forms at council looks up from the debate, and for some unknown reason rises from his seat. The council is not yet ended, and by various signs I perceive that devious difficult matters are in debate.

Now a motion towards myself indicates that I am the subject of their present deliberation. With fear and trembling I await their decision; and am not long in suspense.

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Soon he that is standing, turns and slowly approaches with measured steps and decided mien. Directly before me he stops and silently lifts his right hand on high and thus speaks: "Mortal, know that thou art prisoner to the most mighty and powerful Pluto by order of arch-grafter Lake. The crime for which thou wert taken is the most heinous offense against the all-poent rulers of Hades that mortal may perpetrate. Thou wert accused of diverting Death from his nearly captured foe. Long and stubborn has our council been, for Falsehood was prosecutor 'gainst thy innocence; and always Falséhood is a dangerous opponent. Nearly ended was the debate when Truth, hitherto silent, arose and spake so earnest, so simple, but withal, so convincing, that we did shortly all agree that thou wert not guilty; but being caught within the self-bounded domains of crafty Lake, and near the treasured vault (R. F. A. Basement) wherein he doth conceal his pleasing coffin-nails (cigarettes), he did believe thee bent on evil mission. So he did wrathfully take

thee, and with the intent of racking thee with double anguish, spared thy life at capture only to later enjoy the fiendish delight of thy long and slow torture. But now thy Fate doth wear bright garments, for most potent Pluto bade me tell thee thou art free to return to thy wonted habitation 'mongst thy fellow mortals. So go, but to thy brother-mortals bear this timely warning: 'Court Street School Students, touch not those hidden cigarettes of the arch-coiner Lake. And if unwittingly thou hapst to discover them, run quickly, lest he unhaply shouldst discover thee and hurl the powerful(?) thunderbolts of his dire wrath upon thy frail forms.' "

So spake he and vanished into space. And thereupon mine eyelids oped, and lo! it was all a dream, dreamed in a dream. But this lesson have I gained therefrom: When Lake hides his cigarettes in the R. F. A. Basement, let no Court Street School Students interfere with them lest they be ta'en in the act and thus bring dire disaster upon their own heads.

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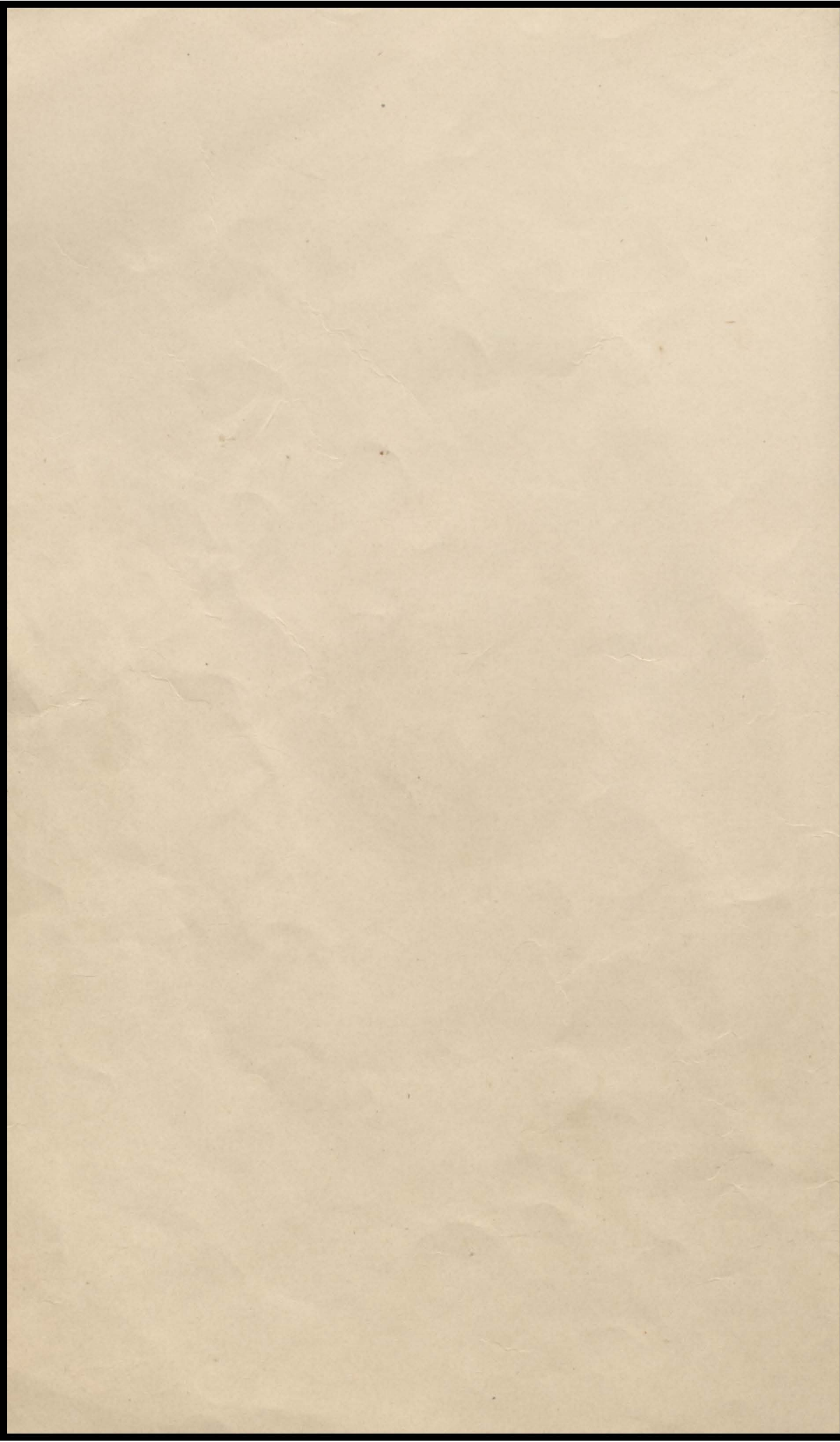
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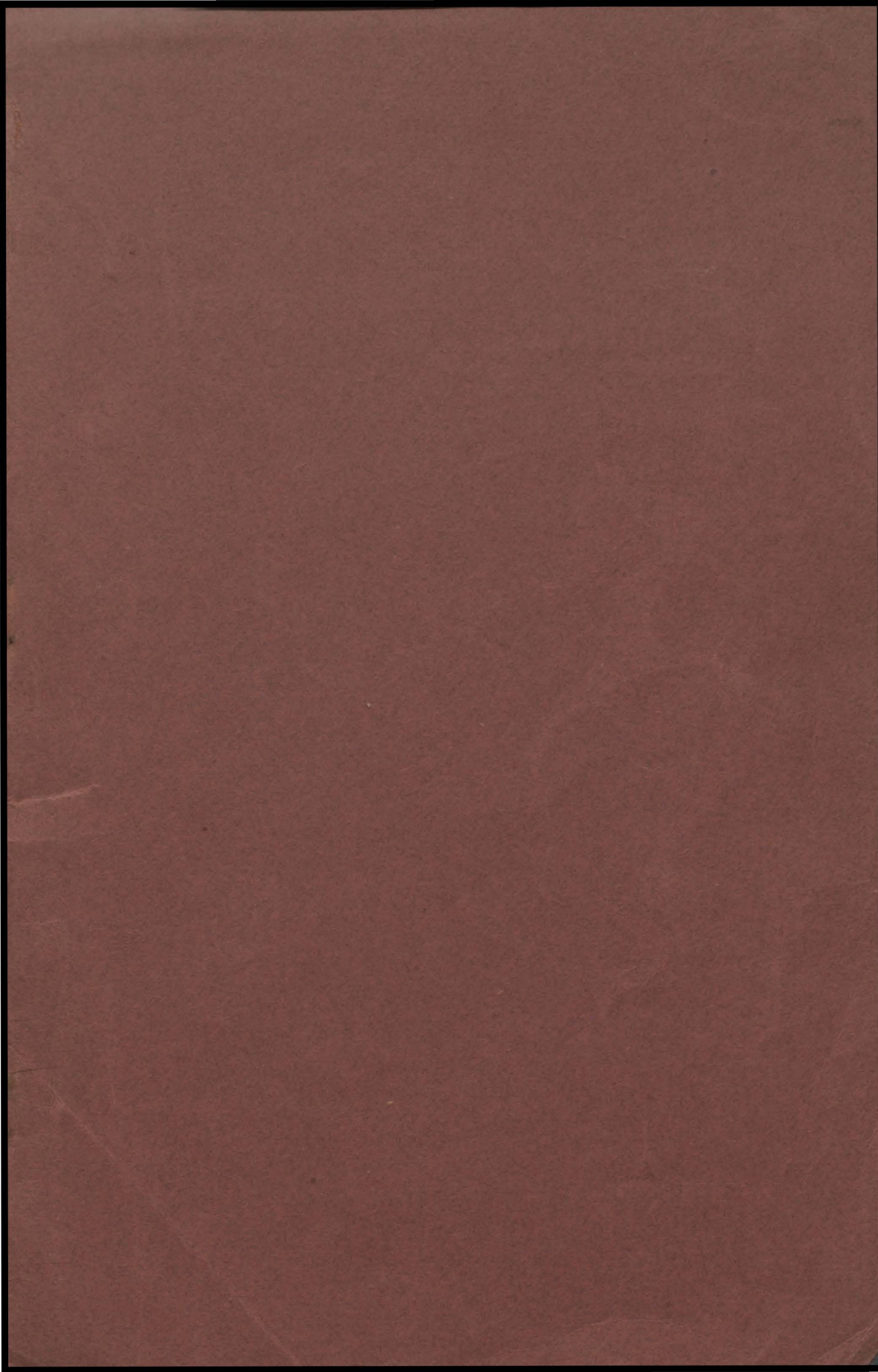
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